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SHAKESPEARE

JULES CÉSAR

HACHETTE ET Cie

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SHAKESPEARE

JULES CÉSAR

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NOTICE

SUR JULES CÉSAR.

« Si nous considérons les pièces romaines de Shakspeare, disent les auteurs de l'édition de Knight, nous voyons dans la jeune Rome de Coriolan un combat de classe à classe, dans la Rome déjà mûre de Jules César un débat de principes, et dans la Rome un peu plus âgée d'Antoine et de Cléopatre la lutte égoïste des individus ... Rome fut sauvée par la suprématie d'un seul.... Shakspeare, ajoutent les commentateurs, n'a pas assez vécu pour rendre les empereurs plus immortels. »

Comment Shakspeare eût pu s'immortaliser en ajoutant à la série de ses pièces romaines, à supposer qu'il eût continué cette série dans la période impériale, c'est ce que tout le monde comprendra assez facilement; mais en quoi les Césars eussent pu, si Shakspeare avait vécu, être rendus plus immortels qu'ils ne le sont dans l'histoire, c'est une pensée qu'on saisira moins aisément.

Dans la construction de ses pièces romaines, Shak-

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speare procède exactement comme dans ses drames tirés de l'histoire d'Angleterre. Pour ceux-ci, le canevas est complétement emprunté aux chroniqueurs du pays; nous retrouvons l'idée première de celles-là dans la traduction du Plutarque d'Amyot faite par North, traduction qui paraît être tombée entre les mains de notre poëte vers 1607.

Dans les uns comme dans les autres, nous avons la même puissance d'intuition, le même déploiement merveilleux d'un talent pittoresque et ému. Mais le résultat est-il le même? Nous sommes forcés de reconnaître à Shakspeare une grande habileté quand il met en scène les caractères nationaux du moyen âge, anglais ou français, et il connaissait d'autant plus intimement cette époque qu'il en était à la fois le descendant direct et le peintre; mais nous fions-nous autant à la vérité et à l'exactitude de ses tableaux quand, abordant un sujet qu'il connaît moins, il met sous nos yeux le développement plus délicat et plus complet des caractères romains?

Sur ce point, on nous permettra d'avoir quelques doutes. Poétiquement, Shakspeare est toujours vrai, même dans ses pièces romaines; historiquement, il ne l'est certainement pas. Dans son *Coriolan*, où il aborde son sujet à une période plus primitive et plus rudimentaire de l'existence de Rome, « il abaisse les plébéiens, pour employer les paroles de Hallam, au point d'en faire une vile populace; et cela pour rendre

l'arrogance de Coriolan supportable, ou plus probable selon les lois dramatiques. A Coriolan lui-même le poëte a donné des proportions colossales, et comme corps et comme intelligence; il a la grandeur d'une statue, et il ne fallait pas moins pour autoriser dans la pièce l'insolence des patriciens et la pusillanimité de la plèbe. »

Dès que le génie de Shakspeare applique ce même procédé plastique, ce même esprit synthétique du moyen âge à Jules César, le plus moderne, sans contredit, de tous les anciens, immédiatement le voilà attaqué par les critiques et les commentateurs; un grand nombre sont surtout étonnés de l'ignorance de l'auteur, et tournent en dérision son audace sans frein.

Hazlitt, qui est certes un appréciateur autorisé du génie de Shakspeare, après avoir signalé la profonde connaissance des caractères montrée par le poëte dans cette pièce, ajoute : « S'il y a une exception à faire à cette remarque, c'est au sujet du héros même du drame. Nous n'admirons pas beaucoup le portrait qui y est donné de Jules César, et nous ne pensons pas qu'il réponde à l'image qu'on trouve dans ses *Commentaires*. Il prononce plusieurs discours nuageux et pédantesques, et ne fait rien. En vérité, il n'a rien à faire : la mauvaise construction du caractère vient de la mauvaise construction de la pièce. »

Boswell, le dernier éditeur d'une édition *variorum* de Shakspeare, dit : « Il ne peut y avoir de preuve plus

forte de ce qui manquait à Shakspeare en connaissances classiques, que le langage plein de jactance qu'il a mis dans la bouche de l'homme le plus accompli de toute l'antiquité, d'un homme qui ne fut pas moins admirable par ses talents que par la simplicité pleine de dignité avec laquelle il en a parlé. »

Un troisième, Courtenay, résout immédiatement le point en litige en nous apprenant « que Shakspeare usait de très-peu d'artifice, et, en vérité, avait très-peu d'adresse dans la construction du plus grand nombre de ses caractères historiques.... La conversation avec Antoine sur les hommes gras, et celle avec Calphurnia sur les songes, entraient d'elles-mêmes dans son plan, et quelques expressions ambitieuses pouvaient à peine être évitées en peignant un homme connu du monde entier comme un grand conquérant.... A part cela, notre poëte ne s'est donné aucune peine. »

Ces citations, et autres semblables, peuvent se lire dans l'édition de Shakspeare par Knight, dans la notice sur les pièces romaines; les éditeurs, après avoir laissé voir un vif déplaisir de cette difficulté que les critiques montrent à reconnaître les mérites du rôle de Jules César, ajoutent leur propre opinion, qui est à la fois concise et vague : « Nous acceptons complétement le portrait que fait Shakspeare de César ; nous sommes persuadés qu'il a reproduit ce caractère d'après les principes certains de l'art. »

C'est possible, mais quel art?

La réponse est aisée : c'est son art à lui qu'il a employé, sans aucun doute, son art du moyen âge ; il a suivi la voie merveilleuse que lui indiquait son esprit intuitif ; mais il s'est complétement séparé du génie vif, simple et si noblement impersonnel du César historique ; une seule phrase du César de l'histoire, introduite dans la pièce, eût certainement perdu la conspiration, telle qu'elle est du moins.

Cette assertion est certes plus juste que l'assertion si connue de Dryden lorsqu'il dit que si l'existence et l'esprit de Mercutio eussent été prolongés, c'en était fait de Shakspeare lui-même.

Et ce n'est pas assez de dire avec Hallam que « c'est avec raison que dans cette pièce la prédominance de César est modérée ; » elle est plus que modérée, car l'esprit classique de César est hardiment et vivement dépouillé de son apparence propre, et l'homme tout entier est façonné de manière à s'harmoniser parfaitement avec les esprits hautains et ardents que sa passion dominante le pousse à réprimer et à gouverner. Ce n'est plus le César des *Commentaires*, en partie dans l'ombre, il est vrai, et pourtant nettement et distinctement visible ; c'est le César de Shakspeare, créé à nouveau et brillant dans la brume de ce moyen âge que le poëte substitue invariablement à l'antiquité dans toutes ses œuvres, grandes et magnifiques au delà de toute expression, une fois ce défaut écarté.

« Le danger sait fort bien, dit le César de Shakspeare

(acte IV, sc. II), que César est plus dangereux que lui. Nous sommes deux lions mis bas le même jour; c'est moi qui suis l'aîné et le plus terrible. » Que César et le danger soient deux lions jumeaux et que César soit l'aîné et le plus terrible des nobles lionceaux, c'est là certainement de l'emphase pure, mais c'est l'emphase de Shakspeare dès longtemps familière et chère au génie naïf des Anglais illettrés; et à leurs oreilles elle avait, si nous pouvons nous en rapporter à nos propres souvenirs, aux souvenirs de notre jeunesse, un timbre tout à fait particulier; c'était un son qui, s'il ne leur donnait pas le sentiment défini d'une majesté indescriptible, avait au moins le privilége de les frapper.

Et lorsque plus loin (acte III, sc. I) l'œil de ce même César examine le ciel et y choisit une étoile qui représente sa ferme et inébranlable résolution de refuser la mise en liberté de Publius Cimber, la peinture de Shakspeare est complète, sauf le dernier trait: « Arrière! veux-tu soulever l'Olympe? »

Modérez cette exagération impétueuse, ramenez-la à des conditions historiques, et voyez comment, au nom de la critique, vous pouvez l'accorder, la combiner avec des traits puissants comme ceux-ci, qui précèdent: « Eh! ami, il enjambe cet étroit univers comme un colosse, et nous autres, hommes chétifs, nous passons sous ses jambes énormes, et furetons partout pour trouver des tombes déshonorées. » Ou bien encore ceci, qui est dit au nez d'une des fidèles acolytes de

l'histoire, la chronologie : « Oh ! nous avons ouï dire à nos pères, vous et moi, qu'il fut jadis un Brutus qui eût laissé dominer Rome par l'éternel démon aussi volontiers que par un roi. »

Une autre question a été soulevée, celle du mérite comparatif des discours de Brutus et d'Antoine, comme si en vérité tout ce que Brutus avait à faire était de prévenir et de saper dès l'abord l'éloquent discours qu'Antoine n'a pas encore dit.

Il a une mission plus élevée et plus délicate à remplir : il a à justifier un acte sanglant, mission déjà suffisamment difficile par elle-même, mais rendue doublement ardue par la nature complexe de Brutus, qui est beaucoup trop timide, trop fier et trop sensible pour user d'artifices avec son auditoire populaire comme le fait le peu scrupuleux Antoine.

En outre il a à se défendre personnellement, ce qui n'est assurément pas un avantage, et conséquemment il est plus ferme, plus roide et même plus hautain peut-être qu'il n'était politique de l'être, en supposant qu'il eût seulement consulté la raison politique. Aussi il demande l'attention sans circonlocutions, mais au nom de l'honneur, au nom de la sagesse, cet honneur et cette sagesse mêmes qui fournissent à Antoine des armes si terribles dans ses ironiques et fatales louanges.

Qu'on lise le discours de Brutus, au point de vue qu'indiquent ces rapides réflexions, et on ne le trouvera ni pauvre ni sec, mais riche dans son laconisme d'ar-

guments fermes et inflexibles, à la fois caractéristiques et imposants. Il fait taire l'opposition de la multitude en la réduisant, dans un raisonnement indigné, à un seul citoyen — et quel citoyen? « celui qui ne veut pas être Romain. » Il met fin à tous les doutes et à toutes les objections en annonçant avec hauteur qu'il « garde le même poignard pour lui-même quand il plaira à son pays de réclamer sa mort. »

Et les citoyens crient : « Vivez, Brutus! vivez! — Donnons-lui une statue au milieu de ses ancêtres! — Qu'il soit César! »

Nous regardons ces cris comme un excellent critérium de la valeur et du succès momentané de son discours, encore qu'il soit précisément l'opposé de celui que l'orateur avait en vue ; et nous les préférons au froid jugement de Warburton, qui va jusqu'à dire « qu'il pense qu'après tout c'est un très-bon discours dans son genre; » ou à celui de Monck Mason, qui « ne peut y voir aucun mérite, mais pense qu'il est bien piètre pour un si grand homme et une si grande circonstance. »

Le discours de Brutus, où il se montre lui-même tout entier, est modéré et retenu par son propre tempérament; celui d'Antoine, vrai Protée de l'humanité, qui n'admet ni préjugés, ni principes, est libre comme l'air. Il reproduit admirablement la situation, mais surtout l'auditoire, que l'orateur connaît à fond, méprise à fond, et mène comme avec la baguette du plus puissant magicien. Ce morceau est même si merveilleux qu'on peut

l'envisager sous les deux points de vue les plus opposés. C'est une œuvre où le génie encore grossier de l'antiquité déploie de lui-même les principes d'un art non encore rêvé; ou bien c'est la réalisation éloquente d'un art lentement élaboré, et porté de prime abord aux dernières limites de la perfection.

Avec quelque fidélité que Shakspeare suive son autorité, quand la passion parle, elle n'est jamais menée à la lisière. Suivant Plutarque, le testament de César est d'abord communiqué publiquement au peuple avec le consentement de Brutus, malgré les vives et pressantes objections de Cassius; après quoi le corps est apporté au milieu de la place du marché; Antoine montre au peuple, en le haranguant, la robe sanglante de César, et les citoyens, enflammés de colère, se soulèvent. Telle est la mince fondation sur laquelle Shakspeare élève son superbe et éloquent discours. De l'exorde si habile d'Antoine, pas un mot n'est donné, ni même indiqué, dans l'original. Autre remarque : la lecture du testament, premier moyen que Plutarque donne comme déterminant le soulèvement du peuple, est le dernier employé dans Shakspeare; le poëte unit ainsi l'intérêt et la pitié dans le dernier et irrésistible soulèvement de la fureur populaire.

Le caractère de César et le discours de Brutus, qui sont, dans la pièce de Shakspeare, les deux grands points sur lesquels la critique puisse s'arrêter, nous ont entraîné si loin au delà des limites où se renferment

habituellement les préfaces des publications comme celle-ci, que nous nous voyons contraint, bien malgré nous, de ne pas nous engager plus longtemps dans des considérations du même genre.

Nous nous contenterons donc d'ajouter que, parmi les pièces romaines de Shakspeare, *Jules César* fut écrite la première, *Antoine et Cléopâtre* ensuite, et en troisième lieu *Coriolan*.

Dans *Jules César*, Hallam admet que « l'intrigue n'a pas l'unité historique que demande une tragédie romaine ; » — remarquons en passant que l'unité, classique ou romantique, paraît bien usée dans la tragédie et semble être trop bien morte pour pouvoir ressusciter ; — il admet « que les caractères de femmes sont insuffisants, que le troisième et le quatrième acte sont mal liés l'un à l'autre, et qu'on ne retrouve pas dans cette œuvre le bonheur de construction qu'on voit ordinairement dans l'arrangement de tous ses sujets. » Dans cette tragédie aussi, de même que dans *Antoine et Cléopâtre*, il est d'accord avec Schlegel pour faire remarquer « que les événements qui ne se passent pas sur la scène sont à peine exposés assez nettement pour un spectateur qui n'est pas déjà au courant des faits historiques, et que, en outre, quelques-uns des personnages apparaissent et disparaissent ensuite sans raisons suffisantes. »

L'état de notre santé ne nous ayant pas permis de mettre la dernière main aux notes qui accompagnent le

texte et de suivre tous les détails de l'impression, nous avons accepté avec reconnaissance l'aide d'un de nos jeunes collègues, M. Alexandre Beljame, professeur au lycée Louis-le-Grand, dont l'intelligence et le savoir nous inspiraient toute confiance.

Nous n'avons demandé à notre collaborateur qu'une seule chose : c'est que, toutes les fois que dans nos notes les expressions vieillies ou les termes archaïques de Shakspeare avaient été remplacés par les expressions d'aujourd'hui, ce genre d'interprétation serait maintenu.

L'avantage de ces comparaisons entre le langage des deux époques sera rendu évident par un court extrait emprunté à Hallam : « En vérité, nous apprenons Shakspeare comme nous apprenons une langue, ou comme nous lisons un passage difficile en grec, en consultant le commentaire, et ce n'est qu'après une longue étude que nous parvenons à oublier une partie, et seulement une partie, des embarras qu'il nous a causés. »

ARGUMENT ANALYTIQUE

DE JULES CÉSAR.

ACTE PREMIER.

Les artisans de Rome, abandonnant leur travail, se sont réunis dans une rue de la ville, pour aller voir la fête des Lupercales et célébrer le triomphe de César, vainqueur de Pompée. Les deux tribuns du peuple Flavius et Marullus leur reprochent amèrement leur ingratitude envers la mémoire de Pompée. Les citoyens se retirent, et les deux tribuns se séparent en se promettant de modérer l'amour du peuple pour sa nouvelle idole. — La scène change; nous sommes dans une place publique, toujours à Rome; entrent César et sa suite de courtisans qui se rendent à la fête des Lupercales; César est arrêté un instant par un devin qui l'avertit de prendre garde aux ides de mars; ce devin n'est pas écouté et le cortége poursuit sa marche. — Cassius et Marcus Brutus restent seuls. Cassius, envieux et effrayé de la puissance et de l'ambition de César, cherche graduellement à communiquer ses sentiments à son ami; il lui rappelle ce qu'il doit à son nom et à son pays; il lui dépeint le pouvoir croissant de celui qui les gouverne. Brutus, se renfermant dans le silence, ne prend aucun engagement, mais les paroles de Cassius ne seront pas perdues. — César revient de la fête, l'air mécontent; la figure maigre et pensive de Cassius le frappe et l'inquiète. — Pendant que le cortége s'éloigne de nouveau, Cassius arrête Casca et ap-

prend de lui la cause de l'ennui de César : il s'est fait offrir la couronne par Antoine, et l'attitude du peuple l'a obligé de refuser ce qu'il désirait tant accepter. Les trois amis se séparent en se promettant de se revoir bientôt. — Nous sommes maintenant dans une autre rue de Rome, la nuit; les éclairs sillonnent le ciel et le tonnerre gronde. Entrent Cicéron et Casca; ce dernier raconte des prodiges étonnants qu'il a vus et qui lui semblent présager quelque événement extraordinaire. — Au moment où Cicéron se retire, entre Cassius. Il apprend à Casca qu'il a formé une conjuration contre César et le décide à y entrer. — Cinna, un des conjurés, vient chercher Cassius, attendu par ses amis. Tous trois s'éloignent pour se rendre chez Brutus, dans l'espérance de pouvoir l'engager définitivement à se joindre à eux.

ACTE II.

Nous sommes chez Brutus, la nuit; il ne dort pas; il réfléchit aux paroles de Cassius : la mort de César lui paraît inévitable et nécessaire. — Arrivent les conjurés, conduits par Cassius. Brutus, tout à fait décidé maintenant, les accueille avec joie, et l'on songe à agir. Brutus ne veut pas que les conjurés se lient par des serments, que l'on doit abandonner aux faibles et aux lâches. On propose de tuer Antoine en même temps que César; Brutus s'y oppose, malgré l'avis de Cassius; ils doivent éviter l'effusion inutile du sang. César seul mourra! L'exécution du complot est fixée au jour même, au Capitole. Le jour, qui vient, est pour les conjurés le signal du départ. — Portia, la femme de Brutus, étonnée de l'attitude soucieuse de son mari depuis plusieurs jours, et de ses veilles prolongées, vient le prier de se confier à elle. Brutus refuse d'abord, mais saisi d'admiration pour le courage de Portia, qui, afin d'éprouver elle-même sa constance, s'est fait une blessure volontaire il lui promet de lui

apprendre tout. — Leur conversation est interrompue par Caius Ligarius, un sénateur, qui vient demander à entrer dans le complot. — Nous sommes, dans la scène qui suit, introduits chez César ; sa femme Calphurnia, effrayée des phénomènes et des présages qui se succèdent, veut l'empêcher de se rendre à la séance du sénat ; il finit par céder à ses prières ; mais l'arrivée de Décius Brutus et de tous les sénateurs change promptement sa résolution, et ils partent tous ensemble pour aller au Capitole. — Pendant ce temps, Artémidore, un ami de César, cherche à l'avertir du danger qui le menace ; Portia de son côté, instruite par son mari de tout ce qui se prépare, s'inquiète et s'informe des événements.

ACTE III.

César, se rendant au Capitole, est arrêté par Artémidore et par le devin du premier acte ; tous deux l'avertissent d'être plus que jamais sur ses gardes, mais ni l'un ni l'autre n'est écouté. — Le sénat entre en séance ; Métellus Cimber, un des amis de Cassius, demande le rappel de son frère, banni par César. Il essuie un refus hautain. Cassius et Brutus joignent leurs prières aux siennes, mais sans plus de succès. A ce moment Casca, suivi par les autres conjurés, s'élance sur César et lui donne un coup de poignard. Brutus frappe le dernier ; César meurt. Quelques sénateurs sortent pour annoncer au peuple la mort du tyran. Cependant Antoine, introduit auprès des conjurés, demande et obtient de Brutus, quoique Cassius s'y oppose, la permission de faire à César des funérailles publiques et de haranguer le peuple à cette occasion. — La scène est maintenant au Forum ; Brutus expose aux citoyens les motifs qui l'ont poussé à faire mourir César. Ils accueillent son discours avec enthousiasme et veulent le faire César ; mais Antoine, qui lui succède à la tribune, change graduellement les sentiments populaires et soulève Rome entière contre les

meurtriers. — Pendant qu'Antoine va se concerter sur ce qui doit être fait avec Octave, le neveu de César, qu'il vient d'appeler à Rome, le peuple se répand par la ville, et pille les maisons des conjurés. Cinna le poëte, que la populace prend pour Cinna le conjuré, est mis à mort par elle.

ACTE IV.

Antoine, Octave et Lépide, réunis à Rome dans la maison d'Antoine, arrêtent leurs listes de proscription, et se préparent à combattre Brutus et Cassius qui ont levé une armée en Macédoine. — La scène suivante nous transporte dans le camp de Brutus, près de Sardes. Brutus ayant fait condamner pour concussion un ami de Cassius, une discussion violente s'élève entre les deux généraux. Leur colère s'apaise bientôt, et Brutus apprend à son ami la mort de Portia, qui s'est tuée en avalant des charbons ardents. — Le conseil des généraux s'assemble. Sur la proposition de Brutus, et malgré Cassius qui voudrait qu'on laissât venir l'ennemi, on décide qu'on ira attaquer Antoine et Octave près de Philippes. — Brutus reste seul dans sa tente; il est visité par l'ombre de César, qui le suit comme son mauvais esprit; César lui annonce qu'il le reverra dans les plaines de Philippes.

ACTE V.

Le combat se prépare dans les plaines de Philippes; les généraux des deux armées opposées s'abordent un instant et échangent quelques paroles pleines de violence et d'âpreté. — Avant que la lutte commence, Cassius et Brutus se font des adieux touchants; ce sont peut-être les derniers qu'ils pourront se faire. — La bataille est engagée; Cassius, profondément découragé par de trompeuses apparences, croyant Bru-

lus vaincu et sa propre tente tombée au pouvoir d'Antoine se fait tuer par un de ses affranchis. — Arrive Brutus, dont les troupes ont vaincu celles d'Octave. La mort de Cassius le frappe et l'abat cruellement ainsi que tous ses officiers; cependant la bataille continue; mais l'issue n'en est pas longtemps douteuse: Brutus se tue, comme Cassius vient de le faire. — Octave et Antoine, en apprenant sa mort, rendent un dernier et digne hommage à l'ennemi dont ils viennent de triompher.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
MARCUS ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Cæsar.
CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } Senators.
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS[1],
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } Tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A SOOTHSAYER.
CINNA, a Poet.
ANOTHER POET.
LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
YOUNG CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.
CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cesar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.
SENATORS, CITIZENS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

SCENE: The first three Acts at ROME: afterwards at SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.

1. C'est par suite d'une faute d'impression qui se trouve dans la traduction de Plutarque par North que nous avons ici Decius au lieu de Decimus, qui était le nom de ce Brutus. Du reste Shakspeare confond les deux Brutus; c'est Decimus, et non pas Marcus Brutus, qui était le bien-aimé de César. C'est ainsi que Corneille, dans *Nicomède*, a confondu Flaminius avec Flamininus.

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE THE FIRST.

Rome. — A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a Rabble of* CITIZENS.

FLAVIUS.

Hence! home, you idle creatures[1], get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical[2], you ought not walk[3]
Upon a labouring day, without[4] the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

1. *Hence!* (sous-entendu) *go, get; go hence, get hence, get you hence.*

2. *Mechanical*, aujourd'hui *mechanics*, artisans.

3. *Ought not walk*, aujourd'hui *ought not to walk.*

4. *Without.... profession*, sans le signe, sans les attributs de votre métier. Nous savons qu'au moyen âge, aux jours de grande fête, ou lors des processions, les corps des métiers arboraient avec un sentiment d'orgueil les insignes de leur profession; mais nous ignorons où Shakspeare a pu prendre qu'il était ordonné à l'ouvrier des cités de ne se montrer les jours ordinaires que dans un costume prescrit. Bien entendu, il ne saurait être question ici des artisans de Rome.

MARULLUS.

Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on[1]? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, in respect of[2] a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler

MARULLUS.

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

SECOND CITIZEN.

A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles[3].

MARULLUS.

What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out[4] with me: yet, if you be out[5], sir, I can mend you.

1. *Best apparel on*, c'est-à-dire *on your back, your person*. C'est ainsi qu'on dirait : *What are you doing with your hat on, your shoes on, your gloves on* (sous-entendu *your head, your feet, your hands*)? Que faites-vous là coiffé, chaussé, ganté?

2. *In respect of*, aujourd'hui *compared to*, auprès de.

3. *Of bad soles*, de mauvaises semelles. Il y a ici un calembour, la prononciation de *bad soles*, mauvaises semelles, étant la même que celle de *bad souls*, âmes perverties. Par extraordinaire, ce jeu de mots pourra se rendre presque littéralement en français, puisque l'on dit l'âme d'un soulier.

4. *Be not out* (sous-entendu *of temper, of humour*), ne perdez pas patience, ne vous fâchez pas contre moi.

5. *If you be out* (sous-entendu *at heels, at toes*), si vous êtes percé, si votre chaussure est percée. Nouveau calembour, ces mots pouvant vouloir dire, comme dans la phrase qui précède : si vous vous fâchez. La réponse de Marullus prouve qu'il les comprend ainsi.

MARULLUS.

What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Why, sir, cobble you.

MARULLUS.

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl[1]. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover[2] them. As proper men[3] as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS.

But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work[4]. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things?

1. *But with all.* Je n'ai affaire ni aux marchands, ni aux femmes, mais à tout le monde. Encore un calembour : d'après la prononciation on peut comprendre *with all*, avec tout le monde, ou *with awl*, avec mon alêne.

2. *I recover them.* Nouveau jeu de mots entre *recover*, ramener à la santé, et *re-cover*, recouvrir.

3. *As proper men*, dans le sens un peu vieilli de *as pretty men, as handsome men.*

4. Remarquez encore le jeu de mots sur *out* et *into : wear them out of shoes, and get myself into work.*

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout[1],
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out[2] a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way[3],
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit[4] the plague
That needs must[5] light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS.

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream

1. *An universal shout.* On dirait aujourd'hui *a universal shout*, l'*u* de *universal* étant long.

2. *Cull out;* il suffisait de *cull* (cueillir), *choose. Out* donne cependant du relief à ce choix. C'est ainsi qu'on dit *to give* et *to give out*, *to find* et *to find out*, etc.

3. *In his way.* Ici *his* joue le rôle d'antécédent : *in the way of him that comes*, etc.

4. *To intermit*, c.-à-d. *to suspend.*

5. *Needs must*, c.-à-d. *must of necessity. Need's*, ancien génitif de *need*, besoin, nécessité, ne se construit guère qu'avec *must* et *would.*

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all[1].

(*Exeunt* CITIZENS.)

See, whe'r[2] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I : disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies[3].

MARULLUS.

May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS.

It is no matter[4]; let no images[5]
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about[6],
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
So do you too where you perceive them thick[7].
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch[8] :
Who else would soar above the view of men[9],
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *Till the lowest.... of all* équivaut à *the lowest part of the stream reach the highest of all its shores.*

2. *Whe'r*, pour *whether.* — *Basest metal*, c.-à-d. *the base metal, stuff of which they are made: see, even their base metal is moved*, voyez si la trempe grossière de leur âme n'est pas émue.

3. *Ceremonies*, ornements.

4 *It is no matter*, c'est-à-dire *it matters not; no matter*, n'importe.

5. *Images*, c'est-à-dire *statues.* « There were set up images of « Cæsar in the city with diadems « on their heads, like kings. » (*North's Plutarch.*)

6. *I'll about*, c'est-à-dire *I will go about.* C'est ainsi qu'on dit avec ellipse du verbe : *I'll in, I'll out, I'll back*, j'entrerai, je sortirai, je retournerai.

7. *Them thick*, c'est-à-dire *the vulgar thick, dense, in crowds.*

8. *Pitch*, c'est-à dire *height.*

9. *Would soar above the view of men*, c.-à d. *would soar like the eagle above, beyond the sight, out of the sight of men* : sans quoi, s'élevant à perte de vue sur les

SCENE II.

The same. — A public place.

Enter, in procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following, among them a* SOOTHSAYER.

CÆSAR.

Calphurnia, —

CASCA.

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

(*Music ceases.*)

CÆSAR.

Calphurnia, —

CALPHURNIA.

Here, my lord.

CÆSAR.

Stand you[4] directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius. —

ANTONY.

Cæsar, my lord?

CÆSAR.

Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ailes de l'ambition, il nous tiendrait tous dans une servile terreur.

4. *Stand you*, placez-vous. Le pronom *you* n est pas ici le régime de *stand;* il est seulement énergique : *do (you) stand.*

ANTONY.

I shall remember :
When Cæsar says 'Do this', it is perform'd.

CÆSAR.

Set on[1] ; and leave no ceremony out.

(*Music.*)

SOOTHSAYER.

Cæsar!

CÆSAR.

Ha! who calls?

CASCA.

Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again.

(*Music ceases.*

CÆSAR.

Who is it in the press that calls on me[2]?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar' — Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

What man is that?

BRUTUS.

A soothsayer[3] bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

Set him before me, let me see his face.

CASSIUS.

Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

1. *Set on*, c'est-à-dire *start*, *begin*, partez.

2. *Calls on me* pour *calls me*. *To call one*, appeler quelqu'un, *to call on one*, en appeler à quelqu'un, invoquer son nom son aide: familièrement, passer chez quelqu'un.

3. *A soothsayer*, c'est-à-dire *a truth-sayer*, celui qui dit vrai, qui devine et annonce la vérité : un devin.

CÆSAR.

What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides[1] of March.

CÆSAR.

He is a dreamer: let us leave him; — pass.

(*Sennet*[2]. *Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.)

CASSIUS.

Will you go see[3] the order of the course?

BRUTUS.

Not I.

CASSIUS.

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS.

I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love — as I was wont to have[4];
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you[5].

1. *Beware the ides*, le plus souvent *beware of the ides*. *Be ware* ou *wary of*, garez-vous de, gare, prenez garde à. Ce mot ne s'emploie que comme un impératif ou un infinitif: *Beware of; I tell you to beware of.*

2. *Sennet* (direction scénique), fanfare. *Sennet* est probablement une variante de *sonnet*.

3. *Will you go see*. On dit le plus souvent *go and see*....

4. *As I was wont*, c'est-à-dire *used to have*. Après *that gentleness*.... il fallait *that* ou *which I was wont*.... On dirait aujourd'hui : *Such gentleness — As I was wont.*

5. *You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand over your*

BRUTUS.

Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn that trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference[1];
Conceptions only proper to[2] myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours[3]:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd :
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that[4] poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love[5] to other men.

CASSIUS.

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion[6],
By means whereof[7], this breast of mine hath buried

friend, c.-à-d. *the hand you lay on your friend is too stiff, too much that of a stranger: there is too much stiffness, too much strangeness in your dealings, in your demeanour with your friend;* il y a quelque chose de trop roide, de trop froid dans vos façons d'agir avec l'ami qui vous aime. *To bear a hand* n'est plus compris aujourd'hui dans le sens que lui donne Shakspeare.

1. *Passions of some difference*, c'est-à-dire *passions at variance with each other: conflicting, discordant feelings*, passions qui se combattent, passions contraires. L'emploi du mot *difference* dans ce sens ne serait pas admis aujourd'hui.

2. *Only proper to*, c'est-à-dire *which concern but.*

3. *Some soil, perhaps to my behaviours*, ce qui produit peut-être quelque altération dans ma manière d'être. *Behaviour* ne se dit plus au pluriel.

4. *Than that*, c'est-à-dire *than this — that*, ne donnez à mon air distrait d'autre interprétation que celle-ci, c'est que....

5. *The shows of love*, les témoignages d'amitié.

6. *I have much mistook your passion*, c'est-à-dire *I have much mistaken your sufferings, the nature of your sufferings.*

7. *By means whereof*, c.-à-d. *by reason of which, for which reason*, et par ce motif.

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS.

No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things[1].

CASSIUS.

'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect[2] in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes[3].

BRUTUS.

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius.
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS.

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me[4], gentle Brutus :

1. *But.... some other things*, si ce n'est par la réflection, et moyennant d'autres objets, c.-à-d. sans un corps qui le réfléchisse.

2. *Of the best respect* pour *of the best repute.*

3. *Had his eyes*, c'est-à-dire *the use of his eyes.*

4. *Be not jealous on me*, c'est-à-dire *be not suspicious, distrustful of me*, ne soyez pas méfiant à mon égard, soyez sans défiance.

Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love[1]
To every new protester[2], if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them[3]; or, if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout[4], then hold me dangerous.

(*Flourish and shout.*)

BRUTUS.

What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS.

Ay[5], do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS.

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —

1. *Did use to stale with ordinary oaths my love*, c'est-à-dire *were it my custom to prostitute my friendship with the usual oaths or protestations.* Le Dr Johnson traduit *to stale* par les mots *to invite by the stale or allurement of oaths*, attirer par l'appât, par l'amorce des serments. Le sens de piége, d'appât n'a jamais été plus loin que le nom; le verbe a toujours l'acception de user, détruire, perdre, déprécier. Nous l'avons encore dans le même sens au quatrième acte de *Julius Cæsar*, scène première, lorsque Antoine dit: « Which, out of « use, and stal'd by other men. » C'est aussi dans ce sens qu'il est employé par Ulysse, qui ne veut pas qu'Ajax se présente chez Achille: « No, this thrice worthy « and right valiant lord Must not « so *stale* his palm, nobly acqui- « red. » (*Troilus and Cressida*, acte II, sc. III); et par Énobarbus dans son éloge de Cléopatre: « Age cannot wither her, nor cus- « tom *stale* Her infinite variety. »

2. *To every new protester.* « Ces grands faiseurs de protestations. » (Molière.)

3. *Scandal them*, aujourd'hui *slander them*, et que je les déchire ensuite.

4. *That I profess myself in banqueting to all the rout*, c'est-à-dire *that I profess myself, at table, a friend to all the rout or rabble of guests*, si dans les festins je me déclare l'ami de toute la foule des convives.

5. *Ay* ou *aye?* même sens que *indeed?* en vérité? vraiment?

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other[1],
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love[2]
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour[3].
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self[4],
I had as lief[5] not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing[6] as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

1. *Death i'the other*, c'est-à-dire *in the other*.

2. *So speed me, as I love*, c'est-à-dire *help, prosper me as it is true I love*, que les dieux me soient propices, comme il est vrai que j'aime ce qu'on nomme l'honneur.

3. *Outward favour*, c'est-à-dire *outward appearance, outward man, exterior*. Dans ce sens *favour* a vieilli.

4. *For my single self*, c.-à-d. *for my own person, for myself*.

5. *I had as lief*, c'est-à-dire *I had as well, as willingly; I would as willingly. Lief*, cher, aimé, a vieilli comme adjectif; comme adverbe il peut encore s'employer, mais dans la seule locution *I had as lief*, j'aimerais autant.

6. *A thing. Thing*, chose, être, créature, marque en anglais la dernière limite du mépris comme de l'admiration: *Thou noble thing*, paroles d'Aufidius à Coriolan. *Peace, thou thing!* Silence, misérable! dit Byron dans son *Marino Faliero*.

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy [1],
But, ere we could arrive the point [2] propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake
His coward lips did from their colour fly [3];
And that same eye, whose bend [4] doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his [5], that bade the Romans

1. *With hearts of controversy*, c'est-à-dire *with hearts of rivalry*, *with rival hearts*, refoulant ses flots, les cœurs pleins d'émulation.

2. *Arrive the point*, c'est-à-dire *reach the point*. De même, paroles de Brutus : « And now, arriving « a place of potency. » (*Coriolan*, act. II, sc. III.) On a dit *arrive to the point* et *arrive the point*; on ne dit, on n'écrit plus que *arrive at the point*.

3. *His coward lips did from their colour fly*. Il y a encore probablement là, comme l'a fait remarquer Warburton, une sorte de concetti. — C'est une allusion au soldat lâche qui abandonne son drapeau (en anglais *his colours*).

4. *Whose bend*, littéralement *whose downward cast eye*, *whose look*.

5. *That tongue of his*, pléo-

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius',
As a sick girl[1]. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world[2],
And bear the palm alone.

(*Shout. Flourish.*)

BRUTUS.

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CASSIUS.

Why, man[3], he doth bestride the narrow world[4],
Like a Colossus : and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about[5]
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings[6].

nasme pour *that tongue*. Voyez plus haut : « This breast of mine « hath buried thoughts of great « value, » paroles de ce même Cassius.

1. *As a sick girl*, pour *as a sick girl's, like a sick girl's.*

2. *So get the start of the majestic world* (sous-entendu *in the race of honour*), devance de la sorte, dans la carrière des honneurs, laisse si loin derrière lui ce monde majestueux. *To get* ou *have the start of one*, partir le premier, prendre les devants sur quelqu'un, le devancer.

3. *Why, man*, eh! ami! Locution très-familière. C'est le *hombre* de l'espagnol.

4. *He doth bestride the narrow world*, c'est-à-dire *he stands astride upon the narrow world*, il enjambe comme un colosse cet étroit univers.

5. *Peep about*, c'est-à-dire *glance timidly about*, nous cherchons avec crainte; nous furetons de côté et d'autre pour...

6. *Underlings*, c.-à-d. *inferiors, subalterns:* que nous soyons dans cet état d'abaissement. La terminaison *ling* indique tantôt la tendresse, *darling*, *fondling*, tantôt le mépris, *fopling*, *witling*.

Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them[1],
Brutus will start a spirit[2] as soon as Cæsar.

(*Shout.*)

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar[3] feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by[4] an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks[5] encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough[6],
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once[7], that would have brook'd

1. *Conjure with them*, c'est-à-dire *use them in conjuration.*

2. *Will start a spirit*, c'est-à-dire *will cause to rise, will raise, will conjure up*, fera apparaître un esprit.

3. *This our Cæsar*, c'est-à-dire *this Cæsar of ours. This our Cæsar*, construction aujourd'hui poétique, était autrefois d'un usage familier.

4. *When went there by. To go by*, passer. Voyez plus bas, *as they pass by.*

5. *That her wide walks.* Au mot *walks*, Rowe a proposé de substituer *walls*, qui a été adopté par plusieurs éditeurs.

6. *Rome indeed, and room enough.* Autrefois *Rome* se prononçait *roume*, de là le calembour de Cassius. Le célèbre tragédien John Kemble se conformait scrupuleusement à cette prononciation.

7. *There was a Brutus once.* Le premier Brutus, celui qui chassa les Tarquins. « Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse « Of her so chaste, all mourn'd, « and from his cloud, Burst like « a god. » (Rogers.)

The eternal devil to keep his state[1] in Rome,
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous[2];
What you would work me to, I have some aim[3]:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present[4],
I would not, so with love[5] I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this[6]:
Brutus had rather be[7] a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS.

I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus[8].

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

1. *To keep his state* est la même chose que *to keep state*, étaler son faste, trôner.

2. *I am nothing jealous*, c'est-à-dire *I do nothing doubt*, *I do well believe*.

3. *I have some aim*, c'est-à-dire *guess*, *conjecture*, *idea*, j'entrevois. Dans ce sens, *aim* a vieilli.

4. *For this present*. Sous-entendu *time*. On dit encore *for the present*, pour le moment.

5. *With love*, c'est-à-dire *with friendship*.

6. *Chew upon this*, c'est-à-dire *chew this cud*, *ruminate on this*, méditez bien sur ceci.

7. *Had rather be*, c'est-à-dire *would rather be*, préférerais. Dans les locutions *I had as lief*, *I had rather*, *had* résiste à l'analyse.

8. *Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus*, c.-à-d. *have elicited even this slight show*, *slight spark of fire*, que mes faibles paroles aient fait jailliir du moins cette étincelle de l'âme de Brutus. *Thus much* pour *this much*.

BRUTUS.

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

CASSIUS.

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion [1], tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

BRUTUS.

I will do so : — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot [2] doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes [3],
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd [4] in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CÆSAR.

Antonius?

ANTONIUS.

Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed [5] men, and such as sleep o'nights :
Yond' [6] Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

1. *After his sour passion*, à sa manière piquante, originale.

2. *Angry spot*, le signe de la colère.

3. *Such fiery eyes*, avec ces yeux de feu, ces yeux ardents. Les yeux du furet ont la prunelle rouge.

4. *Being crossed* équivaut à *when* (*he is*) *crossed*, c.-à-d. *contradicted*.

5. *Sleek-headed*, à la face luisante.

6. *Yond'*, le plus souvent *you*, tous deux pour *yonder*.

ANTONIUS.

Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous[1].
He is a noble Roman, and well given[2].

CÆSAR.

'Would he were fatter : — But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear[3],
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through[4] the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music[5] :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing[6].
Such men as he be never at heart's ease[7],
Whiles[8] they behold a greater than themselves;

1. *Such men are dangerous.* « Cæsar also had Cassius in great « jealousy (distrust) and suspect- « ed him much : whereupon he « said on a time to his friends : « What will Cassius do, think ye? « I like not his pale looks.... « When Cæsar's friends complain- « ed to him of Antonius and « Dolabella, that they pretended « some mischief towards him, he « answered : As for those fat men « and smooth-combed heads, « quoth he, I never reckon of « them ; but these pale-visaged « and carrion-lean people, I fear « them most ; meaning Brutus « and Cassius. » (*North's Plutarch.*)

2. *Well given*, c'est-à-dire *given to good courses, well addicted, of honest habits.*

3. *If my name were liable to fear*, si ma gloire était accessible à la crainte.

4. *Looks quite through*, c'est-à-dire *sees through*, *through and through*, perce à jour, voit clairement à travers.

5. *He hears no music.* Comparez *le Marchand de Venise*, acte V, sc. I. « The man that hath « no music in himself, Nor is not « mov'd with concord of sweet « sounds, Is fit for treasons, stra- « tagems and spoils : The mo- « tions of his spirit are dull as « night, And his affections dark « as Erebus. Let no such man « be trusted. »

6. *Mov'd to smile at any thing*, c.-à-d. *brought, induced to smile.*

7. *Be never at heart's ease*, c'est-à-dire *are never at ease in their hearts.*

8. *Whiles*, c'est-à-dire *while's*,

And therefore are they very dangerous;
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf[1],
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

(*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*)

CASCA.

You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

BRUTUS.

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA.

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS.

I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

CASCA.

Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and, being offer'd him, he put it by[2] with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting[3].

BRUTUS.

What was the second noise for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS.

They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

ancien génitif saxon de *while*, temps; on ne dit plus que *while* et *whilst*, tant que, tandis que.

1. *This ear is deaf*, cette oreille est dure.

2. *He put it by*, c'est-à-dire *put it aside*, l'écarta.

3. *Fell a-shouting*, se mit à pousser des acclamations. *A* est ici, et dans toutes les expressions

BRUTUS.

Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA.

Ay, marry was't[1]; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS.

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA.

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS.

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA.

I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it[2]: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets[3]; — and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it[4]. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement[5] hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty

semblables, une corruption de la préposition anglo-saxonne *on*, avec le sens de *in*.

1. *Ay, marry was't*, oui, ma foi. *Marry*, c.-à-d. *Mary*, la vierge Marie, souvenir du catholicisme.

2. *I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it*, c'est-à-dire *May I be hanged, hang me, if I can tell how it was.*

3. *Coronets*, c.-à-d. *crown-shaped wreaths, garlands*, c'était de ces guirlandes qui y ressemblent.

4. *To lay his fingers off it*, ordinairement *to take his fingers off it*, en détacher les doigts.

5. *The rabblement*, aujourd'hui *the rabble*, la canaille.

night caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath[1] because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS.

But soft, I pray you : What! did Cæsar swoon?

CASCA.

He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth[2], and was speechless.

BRUTUS.

'Tis very like — he hath the falling-sickness[3].

CASSIUS.

No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA.

I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people[4] did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man[5].

BRUTUS.

What said he, when he came unto himself?

1. *Uttered such a deal of stinking breath*, c'est-à-dire *voided*, *gave out such a deal*, etc., ils exhalaient en si grande quantité leurs fétides haleines. Comparez *Coriolan*, acte IV, sc. VI.

2. *At mouth*, c'est-à-dire *at the mouth*, il avait la bouche écumante.

3. *He hath the falling-sickness*, il tombe du haut mal.

4. *Tag-rag people*, c'est-à dire *the ragged mob*. *Tag*, bout de vêtement qui pend; *rag*, chiffon, loque : la populace déguenillée. Il suffit du seul *tag*, ou du composé *tag-rag*, sans le mot *people*. « Will you hence before the tag « return? » *Coriolan*, acte III, sc. I.

5. *True man*, c'est-à-dire *honest man*. De même plus haut, paroles de César à Antoine : « And « tell me truly (honestly) what « thou think'st of him. »

CASCA.

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet[1], and offered them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation[2], if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues : — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity[3]. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!'—and forgave him with all their hearts : But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS.

And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA.

Ay.

CASSIUS.

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS.

To what effect?

1. *He plucked me ope his doublet*, c'est-à-dire *he plucked, tore open his doublet. Me* est emphatique, comme *vous* en français : il vous a vite ouvert son pourpoint.

2. *An I had been a man of any occupation*, c'est-à-dire *if I had been a man of any manual occupation*, si j'avais été artisan.

3. *He desired their worships to think it was his infirmity*, il pria Leurs Excellences de mettre cela sur le compte de son infirmité. Ce ne fut point devant le peuple, mais chez lui que César, se livrant à un accès de colère amené par le souvenir de la fête des Lupercales, se découvrit la poitrine et tendit la gorge à ses amis, en s'écriant qu'il la livrait à qui voulait la lui couper.

CASCA.

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again[1]: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS.

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA.

No, I am promised forth[2].

CASSIUS.

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA.

Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating[3].

CASSIUS.

Good; I will expect you.

CASCA.

Do so: Farewell, both.

(*Exit* CASCA.)

BRUTUS.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

CASSIUS.

So is he now, in execution

1. *Nay, an I tell you that, I'll never look you i'the face again*, que je ne vous regarde jamais en face, si je puis vous le dire.

2. *I am promised forth*, c'est-à-dire *I am engaged* (*to sup*) *abroad*, je suis engagé dehors, j'ai promis ailleurs.

3. *If your dinner worth the eating*. Le participe présent est employé comme un nom : si votre diner vaut la peine d'être mangé

Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form[1].
This rudeness is a sauce to[2] his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS.

And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you[3]; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS.

I will do so : — till then, think of the world.

(*Exit* BRUTUS.)

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd[4] : Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes[5] :
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard[6]; but he loves Brutus :

1. *He puts on this tardy form*, c'est-à-dire *assumes this rude*, *this unpolished manner*, bien qu'il s'enveloppe de cette écorce grossière.

2. *Is a sauce to*, c'est-à-dire *serves to season*, *to give a seasoning to*.

3. *Come home to me*, c'est-à-dire *come to my home*. Sans *to you*, *to me*, les mots *come home* offriraient de l'équivoque.

4. *From that it is dispos'd*, c'est-à-dire *from that it is disposed to*, *from that to which it is disposed*, ou enfin *from what it is disposed to : thy honourable metal may be wrought from its natural use or purpose*, le noble métal dont tu es formé peut être travaillé dans un sens contraire à ton penchant naturel. *To work from*, détourner par un travail; *to work to*, amener par un travail. Voy. acte I, sc. I : « What « you would work me to, I have « some aim, » paroles de Brutus.

5. *Their likes*, pour *their equals*, *their peers*, s'associent avec leurs semblables.

6. *Doth bear me hard*, c'est-à-dire *doth ill endure me*, me supporte avec peine. *To bear one hard* a vieilli.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me[1]. I will this night,
In several hands[2], in at the windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at[3]:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure[4];
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

The same. — A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

CICERO.

Good even[5], Casca: Brought you Cæsar home[6]?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA.

Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth[7]
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

1. *He should not humour me*, c.-à-d. *treat me as a child, make a child of me, spoil me, unman me*, il ne parviendrait pas à amollir mon caractère.

2. *In several hands*, c'est-à-dire *handwritings. Writings in several hands*, des billets de mains différentes.

3. *Glanced at*, c'est-à-dire *hinted at, alluded to.*

4. *Let Cæsar seat him sure*, c'est-à-dire *seat himself surely.*

5. *Good even*, c'est-à-dire *good evening.*

6. *Brought you Cæsar home?* c'est-à-dire *Did you attend, see Cæsar home?* Avez-vous reconduit César à sa demeure?

7. *Sway of earth*, c'est-à-dire *weight, mass of the earth.*

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with[1] the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with[2] the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA.

A common slave[3] (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against[4] the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me[5] : And there were drawn
Upon a heap[6] a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed[7] with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night dit sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

1. *To be exalted with*, c.-à-d. *so as to be equally exalted with, to rise as high as*, jusqu'à s'élever à la hauteur des nues menaçantes.

2. *Too saucy with*, c'est-à-dire *too insolent with.*

3. *A common slave*, un esclave public. Les esclaves publics, spécialement attachés au service des magistrats, appartenaient à l'État. Ils avaient le privilége de pouvoir être propriétaires et étaient autorisés par la loi à transmettre la moitié de leurs biens par testament.

4. *Against*, c'est-à-dire *opposite, near.*

5. *Without annoying me*, c'est-à-dire *harming, hurting me*, sans m'inquiéter.

6. *Upon a heap*, aujourd'hui *into a heap*, en masse.

7. *Transformed*, c'est-à-dire *disfigured.*

Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons[1], — which are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon[2].

CICERO.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose[3] of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to morrow?

CASCA.

He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO.

Good night then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA.

Farewell, Cicero.

(*Exit* CICERO.)

Enter CASSIUS

CASSIUS.

Who's there?

CASCA.

A Roman.

CASSIUS.

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA.

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

1. *These are their reasons*, c'est-à-dire *the reasons, the causes of such prodigies.*

2. *That they point upon*, qu'ils désignent. On dirait en prose : *that they point at* ou *that they point to.*

3. *Clean from the purpose of*, c.-à-d. *quite contrary to the object of*, dans un sens tout opposé.

CASSIUS.

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA.

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS.

Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone[1]:
And, when the cross blue lightning[2] seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA.

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS.

You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear[3], and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience[4] of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

1. *Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone*, j'ai présenté ma poitrine nue aux coups du tonnerre. *Thunder-stone* pour *thunder-bolt*.

2. *Cross blue lightning*, sillon azuré de l'éclair. *Cross lightning* pour *forked lightning*.

3. *And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder*, c'est-à-dire *you put on a face of fear, and cast your body into attitudes of wonder*, vous êtes saisi de frayeur, vous vous étonnez.

4. *Strange impatience*, c'est-à-dire *strange irritation, wrath.*

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind[1];
Why old men, fools, and children calculate[2];
Why all these things change, from their ordinance[3],
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality — why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits[4],
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state[5].
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night, —
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion[6] in the Capitol :
A man no mightier than thyself, or me[7],
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA.

'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS.

Let it be who it is[8] : for Romans now
Have thews[9] and limbs like to their ancestors;

1. *From quality and kind*, c'est-à-dire *deviating from their qualities* (*manners*) *and kind* (*nature*), abandonnent l'instinct et les qualités de leur espèce.

2. *Why old men, fools, and children calculate*, pourquoi ces vieillards, ces idiots, ces enfants qui prophétisent. — *Calculate*, prévoir, annoncer l'avenir, prophétiser, comme dans la locution *to calculate a birth, a nativity*.

3. *Their ordinance*, c'est-à-dire *their order*.

4. *Hath infused them with these spirits*, c.-à-d. *inspired them with these spirits*. Le poëte dit ailleurs dans le même sens : *to infuse the breast with magnanimity*.

5. *Unto*. On emploierait aujourd'hui *to*.

6. *As doth the lion*. Le lion qu'avait rencontré Casca.

7. *Or me*, c'est-à-dire *or I*.

8. *Let it be who it is*, c'est-à-dire *no matter who*, qui que ce soit, n'importe.

9. *Have thews*, c'est-à-dire *have strength*. *Thews* signifiait dans le principe *mœurs*, aujourd'hui il signifie *muscles*. Il est rare de voir un mot passer ainsi.

But, woe the while![1] our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance[2] show us womanish.

CASCA.

Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit[3];
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

(*Thunder still.*)

CASCA.

So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

dans une même langue, du moral au physique.

1. *Woe the while*, c.-à-d. *woe to the time*, malheur sur notre temps.

2. *Sufferance*, c'est-à-dire *patience*, *meekness*.

3. *Can be retentive to the strength of spirit*, c.-à-d. *can retain*, *confine*, *fetter*, *the strong soul*, ne peuvent enchaîner la force de l'âme. On ne comprendrait plus aujourd'hui *retentive to*.

CASSIUS.

And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep[1]:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal[2], when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing[3] as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where[4] hast thou led me! I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made[5]: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA.

You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale[6]. Hold my hand[7]:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far

1. *But that he sees the Romans are but sheep. But* est ici employé dans deux sens, *except* (du saxon *butan*, *without*), acception très-ancienne, ainsi que dans le sens assez moderne de *only*, acception qui résulte de la suppression de la négation *nought*, *not*: *Except that he sees the Romans are nought except*, *nought but sheep*, s'il ne voyait que les Romains ne sont que des brebis. Ainsi dire: *I have but this to give*, *to add*, c'est dire: *I have nothing but this to give*, *to add*.

2. *Offal*, littéralement *off-fall*, déchet, débris de chair, charogne.

3. *So vile a thing*. Voy. la note 6 de la page 30.

4. *Where* pour *whither*.

5. *Must be made*, c'est-à-dire *that I must answer for it*, *for such language*.

6. *That is no fleering tell-tale*, c'est-à-dire *such a man as is no fleering tell-tale*: *to one who is no grinning informer*, à un homme qui ne cache point sous des grimaces une âme de délateur.

7. *Hold my hand*, c'est-à-dire *take my hand*, *here is my hand*. Un vers plus loin, *be factious*, c'est-à-dire *combine as in a faction*, *and be active*. Voy. *Richard III*, acte I, sc. III.

As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS.

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain[1] of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo[2] with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this[3] they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element[4]
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA.

Stand close[5] awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Enter CINNA.

CASSIUS.

'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA.

To find out you[6]. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS.

No, it is Casca; one incorporate

1. *Some certain*, aujourd'hui ou *some* ou *certain* seulement.

2. *To undergo*, c'est-à-dire *to undertake*.

3. *By this*, c'est-à-dire *by this time*, à l'heure qu'il est.

4. *The complexion of the element in favour's like*, c'est-à-dire *the complexion of the elements is, in feature, like*, l'aspect des éléments est semblable à l'œuvre que nos mains préparent. *Favour*, dans le sens de *feature*, a vieilli. On dit encore : *a child's complexion*, le teint d'un enfant; *the complexion of the sky*, l'aspect du ciel; *the complexion of the times*, etc.

5. *Stand close*, c'est-à-dire *stand hid, concealed*.

6. *To find out you*, c.-à-d. *to find you out*. Avec un pronom régime, la préposition complémentaire doit suivre le pronom.

To[1] our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

CINNA.

I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS.

Am I not staid for? Tell me.

CINNA.

Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but[2] win the noble Brutus
To our party——

CASSIUS.

Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it[3] in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

CINNA.

All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie[4],
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS.

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

(*Exit* CINNA.)

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

1. *Incorporate to*, c'est-à-dire *one connected with*, qui s'associe à. Un vers plus loin. *I am glad on it*, pour *glad of it*.

2. *But*, c'est-à-dire *only*.

3. *Look you lay it*, c'est-à-dire *see you lay it, see that you lay it*, faites en sorte de le placer.

4. *I will hie*, c'est-à-dire *I will hasten*.

Is ours already[1]; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours[2].

CASCA.

O, he sits high[3] in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance[4], like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS.

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited[5]. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *Is ours already*, par syllepse, pour *are ours already*. C'est comme si le poëte eût dit : *he is three parts ours already*, il est déjà gagné aux trois quarts.

2. *Yields him ours*, c'est-à-dire *yields himself ours, is ours*.

3. *Sits high* a le même sens que *stands high, holds a high place*, est placé bien haut.

4. *His countenance*, c'est-à-dire *support, aid*, sa coopération. C'est ainsi qu'on dit : *give countenance to*, encouragez, favorisez; *give no countenance to*, évitez d'encourager, de favoriser.

5. *You have right well conceited*, c.-à-d. *right well imagined, you have most correctly imaged, you have a most correct conception of him*, etc., vous avez une idée des plus justes de Brutus, etc.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

THE SAME. BRUTUS'S ORCHARD.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day[1]. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when[2]! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS.

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS.

I will, my lord.

(*Exit.*)

BRUTUS.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,

1. *How near to day*, c'est-à-dire *how near it is to day*, si le jour est rapproché.

2. *When, Lucius, when!* Viendras-tu, Lucius, viendras-tu? Nous retrouvons cette même expression dans Richard II: « When, « Harry, when! »

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general[1]. He would be crown'd : —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder[2];
And that craves wary walking[3]. Crown him?—That[4];—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power[5] : And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof[6]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face.
But when he once attains the upmost round[7],
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[8]
By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is[9],

1. *I know no personal cause to spurn at him, but for the general*, c'est-à-dire *I have no personal motive for which to spurn at him, but the general cause*, je ne me connais aucun motif personnel de l'attaquer si ce n'est la cause publique.

2. *It is the bright day that brings forth the adder*, c'est-à-dire *the sunny day that tempts forth the adder*, c'est la chaleur brillante du jour qui fait sortir le serpent. *Brings forth* peut également signifier fait éclore, *hatches*.

3. *Craves wary walking*, c'est-à-dire *requires cautious, heedful walking*, et qui exige que l'on marche avec précaution.

4. *That*, voilà, c'est cela.

5. *Remorse : pity, tenderness.*

6. *But 'tis a common proof*, c'est-à-dire *a thing proved by common experience*, c'est une vérité d'expérience.

7. *Round*, c'est-à-dire *rundle, step*, échelon.

8. *The base degrees*, c'est-à-dire *the low, the humble steps*.

9. *Will bear no colour for the thing he is*, c.-à-d. *since the quarrel is not plausible for what he is*, puisque ce qu'il est n'offre aucun motif plausible de querelle.

Fashion it thus[1]; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind[2], grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRUTUS.

Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS.

I know not, Sir.

BRUTUS.

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS.

I will Sir.

(*Exit.*)

BRUTUS.

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

(*Opens the letter, and reads.*)

" *Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.*
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"——

1. *Fashion it thus*, c.-à-d. *let us shape it thus*, arrangeons la chose ainsi, donnons pour raison.

2. *As his kind*, c'est-à-dire *as is its nature*, par l'instinct de son espèce.

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up[1].
Shall Rome, etc. Thus must I piece it out[2];
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition[3] at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days[4].

(*Knocking within.*)

BRUTUS.

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

(*Exit* LUCIUS.)

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion[5], all the interim is
Like a phantasma[6], or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments[7]

1. *Took*, c'est-à-dire *taken them up, picked them up.*

2. *Piece it out*, c'est-à-dire *eke it out, complete it:* voici ce que je crois devoir suppléer.

3. *Full petition*, c'est-à-dire *full request*, tu obtiendras de la main de Brutus tout ce que tu lui demandes.

4. *March is wasted fourteen days*, c'est-à-dire *fourteen days of March are wasted, spent, gone.*

5. *The first motion*, c'est-à-dire *the first suggestion*, la première pensée.

6. *A phantasma*, c'est-à-dire *phantasm, a spectral image*, vision fantastique.

7. *The Genius, and the mortal instruments*, c'est-à-dire *the spirit and the corporal agents, the*

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of[1] an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius[2] at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS.

No, Sir; there are more with him.

BRUTUS.

Do you know them

LUCIUS.

No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears[3],
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour[4].

BRUTUS.

Let them enter.

(*Exit* LUCIUS.)

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

spirit and the bodily powers, ou dans le langage biblique, *the spirit and the flesh, the immortal spirit and the perishable body are then in council*, l'âme et les organes périssables tiennent alors conseil. Dans le sens où il est employé ici, *Genius* ferait au pluriel *Genii*, suivant la forme latine. Dans le sens ordinaire de génie, voulant dire un homme d'un esprit supérieur, il ferait, selon la règle ordinaire, *geniuses*.

1. *The nature of*, c'est-à-dire *a kind of, a sort of.*

2. *Brother Cassius.* Cassius avait épousé Junie, sœur de Brutus.

3. *Pluck'd about their ears*, c'est-à-dire *are pulled about, pulled over their ears*, sont enfoncés jusque sur leurs oreilles.

4. *Any mark of favour*, c'est-à-dire *any trace of feature, any distinction of countenance.* Voy. la note 4 de la page 50.

Sham'st thou[1] to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou path, thy native semblance on[2],
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention[3].

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS.

I think we are too bold upon your rest[4] :
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

BRUTUS.

I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

CASSIUS.

Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

1. *Shams't thou*, c'est-à-dire *art thou ashamed. To shame* a vieilli comme verbe neutre.

2. *For it thou path, thy native semblance on, if thou walk in thy true form*, si tu marches avec ta ressemblance naturelle. *Thy native semblance on*, c'est-à-dire *on thee : wearing thy native semblance*. Coleridge est d'avis que *path* ou *pathe* est une erreur typographique pour *put* ou *putte*. Mais cette version donne un sens qui n'est guère acceptable. D'autres éditions proposent *hath*, qui est très-clair, mais qui enlève l'image qu'offre le texte primitif

3. *From prevention*, c'est-à-dire *from detection*.

4. *Are too bold upon your rest*, c'est-à-dire *we intrude upon your rest too boldly*, je crois que nous troublons indiscrètement votre repos.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS.

He is welcome hither[1],

CASSIUS.

This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS.

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS.

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber

BRUTUS.

They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night[2]?

CASSIUS.

Shall I entreat a word?

(BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*)

DECIUS.

Here lies the east : Doth not the day break here?

CASCA.

No.

CINNA.

O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds[3], are messengers of day.

CASCA.

You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

1. *He is welcome hither.* Rigoureusement il faudrait *here*, puisqu'il n'y a pas de mouvement; mais l'idée de mouvement est dans la pensée de Brutus : *he is welcome* (*coming*) *hither.*

2. *Betwixt your eyes and night*, c'est-à-dire *between your eyes and sleep, between your eyes and night rest.*

3. *That fret the clouds*, c'est-à-dire *that checker the clouds*, ces lignes grisâtres qui sillonnent les nuages.

Here, as I point my[1] sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on[2] the south,
Weighing the youthful season[3] of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands[4], as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS.

Give me your hands all over[5], one by one.

CASSIUS.

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS.

No, not an oath: If not[6] the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on[7],
Till each man drop by lottery[8]. But if these,

1. *Here, as I point*, c'est-à-dire *here, where I point.*

2. *Which is a great way growing on*, c'est-à-dire *is winning, gaining on, is considerably nearing the south*, qui s'avance à grands pas vers le Midi.

3. *Weighing the youthful season*, littéralement, soulevant, amenant la jeune saison. On dit *to weigh anchor*, lever l'ancre. C'est l'approche de l'équinoxe du printemps que décrit Casca.

4. *And the high east stands*, etc., dans deux mois d'ici il lance (lancera) ses premiers feux plus haut vers le Nord, et le haut Orient (l'Orient d'été) est là en ligne droite avec le Capitole. Cassius nous a déjà signalé le point où se lève le soleil lors de l'équinoxe du printemps; il signale maintenant le point d'apparition de cet astre, trois mois plus tard, à l'époque du solstice d'été. Il est vrai que le poëte lui fait dire *some two months* au lieu de *some three months hence*, mais ces mots *high east* précisent suffisamment la portée du passage. Du reste, en fait de chiffres, Shakspeare n'est pas un modèle d'exactitude.

5. *All over*, c'est-à-dire *from first to last.*

6. *If not*, si ce n'est.

7. *Range on*, continuer à s'avancer, avoir un libre cours.

8. *By lottery*, c'est-à-dire *drop, fall off, die off, by lot,*

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans[1], that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions[2], and such suffering[3] souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue[4] of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle[5] of our spirits,
To think[6] that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy[7],
If he do break the smallest particle

jusqu'à ce que le sort nous atteigne chacun à notre tour.

1. *Secret Romans*, c'est-à-dire *true to a secret*. Quel autre lien que ce secret gardé par des Romains? *Secret* n'a plus ce sens.

2 *Old feeble carrions*, c'est-à-dire *old enfeebled wretches*, de malheureux vieillards affaiblis. De même ailleurs : *you island carrions*, ces misérables insulaires; *out upon it, old carrion*, fi donc, vieux misérable!

3. *Suffering*, c'est-à-dire *meek, patient, resigned.*

4. *The even virtue*, c'est-à-dire *the fair, the open virtue*, la franche vertu de, ce qu'il y a de franche vertu dans....

5. *Insuppressive mettle*, c'est-à-dire *unconquerable ardour*, l'indomptable ardeur de, ce qu'il y a d'indomptable ardeur dans nos courages. Voir paroles de Brutus : *he was quick mettle*, p. 41.

6. *To think*, c'est-à-dire *by* ou *with the thought.*

7. *A several bastardy*, c'est-à-dire *a separate, an individual act of bastardy, degeneracy.*

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him[1].

CASSIUS.

But what of Cicero[2]? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA.

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

METELLUS.

O let us have him : for his silver hairs
Will purchase us[3] a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths and wildness[4] shall no whit appear[5],
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS.

O, name him not; let us not break with him[6];
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

CASSIUS.

Then leave him out.

CASCA.

Indeed, he is not fit[7].

1. *Pass'd from him*, c'est-à-dire *gone from him*, d'une promesse quelconque qui soit sortie de sa bouche.

2. *What of Cicero*, c'est-à-dire *what think you*, *what say you*, *of Cicero?* Et Cicéron?

3. *Will purchase us*, c'est-à-dire *will procure*, *will win us*.

4. *Wildness*, c'est-à-dire *rashness*, témérité.

5. *Shall no whit appear. No whit*, c'est-à-dire *not in the least*, pas le moins du monde. *A whit* répond exactement à l'expression française un brin.

6. *Let us not break with him*, aujourd'hui *let us not break our purpose to him*, ne nous ouvrons point à lui. *To break with one*, c'est rompre avec quelqu'un.

7. Comme le fait remarquer

DECIUS.

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

CASSIUS.

Decius, well urg'd : — I think it is not meet
Marc Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him [1]
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS.

Our course will seem too bloody [2], Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards [3] :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by [4] Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Chambers, Shakspeare se sépare ici de son autorité historique, le Plutarque de North. « Although he « (Cicero) was a man they loved « dearly and trusted best, they « were afraid, he being a coward « by nature, and age having also « increased his fear, he would « quite turn and alter all their « purpose, and quench the heat « of their enterprise. » Shakspeare s'est ici surtout souvenu de la vanité de Cicéron et de son amour de la gloire.

1. *We shall find of him.* Aujourd'hui on dirait *find in him*

2. *Our course will seem too bloody*, notre conduite paraîtra trop sanguinaire. C'est ainsi qu'on dit : *to take a good, a bad course*, prendre un bon, un mauvais parti.

3. *Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards*, pour *as if we had been wrathful in death and envious afterwards.* Dans la langue de Shakspeare, *envy* veut dire méchanceté, cruauté.

4. *O, that we then could come by*, c'est-à-dire *would that we could compass, reach*, oh! si nous pouvions atteindre à l'âme de César!

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall mak
Our purpose necessary, and not envious[1]:
Which so appearing to the common eyes[2],
We shall be call'd purgers[3], not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS.

Yet I do fear him;
For in the ingrafted love[4] he bears to Cæsar,——

BRUTUS.

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself— take thought[5], and die for Cæsar
And that were much he should[6]; for he is given

1. *Our purpose necessary and not envious*, c'est-à-dire *our act seem the result of necessity and not of envy, malice, malignity.*

2. *The common eyes* pour *the common's eyes, the people's eyes.*

3. *Purgers*, c'est-à-dire *purifiers.*

4. *Ingrafted love*, c'est-à-dire *rooted, deep-rooted friendship*, vive, profonde tendresse. *Ingrafted*, littéralement, signifie greffé solidement.

5. *Take thought*, c'est-à-dire *to turn melancholy*, d'après Johnson. *To take thought*, prendre pensée, signifie, selon la situation: réfléchir, se raviser, se repentir, s'attrister. *All that he can do is to himself*, c'est-à-dire *take thought*, tout ce qu'il pourrait faire ce serait contre lui-même, — par exemple, s'attrister....

6. *And that were much he should*, pour *and it were much he should do that.* Un vers plus loin, *williness*, c'est-à-dire *dissipation.*

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS.

There is no fear in him[1] : let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

(*Clock strikes.*)

BRUTUS.

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS.

The clock hath stricken[2] three.

TREBONIUS.

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.

But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion[3] he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies[4];
It may be, these apparent prodigies[5],
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers[6],
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

1. *There is no fear in him*, pour *there is nothing to fear from him.*

2. *The clock hath stricken*, c'est-à-dire *has struck.* Il faut ranger *clock*, *calendar*, *kerchief*, *watch*, etc., au nombre de ces anachronismes que Shakspeare se permet sans scrupule aucun. Witaker voudrait pourtant qu'ici Shakspeare fût absous. Les Romains, dit-il, connaissaient les cloches : ils en avaient dans leurs salles de bains pour sonner les heures.

3. *Main opinion*, c'est-à-dire *the great*, *the predominant opinion*, la ferme opinion, la conviction.

4. *And ceremonies*, c'est-à-dire *and omens drawn from ceremonies*, les présages tirés des sacrifices. Voy. *ceremonies*, p. 23, note 3.

5. *Apparent prodigies*, c'est-à-dire *signal prodigies*, éclatants prodiges.

6. *Augurers*, aujourd'hui *augurs*.

DECIUS.

Never fear[1] that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees[2],
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does—being then most flattered.
Let me work :
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there[3] to fetch him.

BRUTUS.

By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost?

CINNA.

Be that the uttermost[4], and fail not then.

METELLUS.

Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS.

Now, good Metellus, go along by him[5] :

1. *Never fear*, c'est-à-dire *do not fear*.

2. *Betrayed with trees*, etc. Ces stratagèmes de chasse nous sont expliqués par Pline. Pour prendre la licorne (probablement le rhinocéros), le chasseur courait se mettre derrière un arbre contre lequel l'animal se précipitait violemment, et où sa corne restait fixée. On présentait un miroir à l'ours, et pendant qu'il le regardait avec étonnement, le chasseur visait avec plus de sûreté. On s'emparait des éléphants, comme encore aujourd'hui, en les faisant tomber dans des fosses légèrement recouvertes de feuillage. Les lions étaient pris avec des filets.

3. *Be there*, c'est-à-dire *at his house*.

4. *The uttermost*, c'est-à-dire *the extreme*, le plus tard.

5. *Go along by him*, c'est-à-

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons[1] :
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS.

The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes[2] :
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy[3] :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

(*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.)

Boy ! Lucius ! — Fast asleep[4] ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew[5] of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

PORTIA.

Brutus, my lord !

BRUTUS.

Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?

dire *by his house*. C'est ainsi qu'on dit : *Call on him as you go along*, voyez-le en passant.

1. *Reasons*, c'est-à-dire *cause to love me*.

2. *Put on our purposes*, c'est-à-dire *wear*, *show*, *betray our designs*, que nos regards ne trahissent pas nos projets. Voy. *For if thou path, thy native semblance on*, p. 58, note 2.

3. *With untir'd spirits and formal constancy*, avec une ardeur soutenue et une constance inaltérable.

4. *Fast asleep*, c'est-à-dire *sound asleep*, il dort d'un sommeil profond. *Fast* dans le sens de *ferme*.

5. *The heavy honey-dew of slumber*, l'accablante et douce rosée du sommeil.

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition[1] to the raw-cold morning.

PORTIA.

Nor for your's neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand[2],
Gave sign for me to leave you . So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled: and, withal[3],
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour[4] with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition[5],
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord[6],
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS.

I am not well in health, and that is all.

1. *Weak condition*, aujourd'hui *delicate nature* ou *constitution*.

2. *With an angry wafture of your hand*, d'un geste de colère. *Wafture*, comme *wave*.

3. *Withal*, c'est-à-dire *with all that*, et avec tout cela, et aussi, d'ailleurs.

4. *Sometime hath his hour*, aujourd'hui *sometimes has its hour*.

5. *Prevail'd on your condition*, c'est-à-dire *as it has worked on your nature, temper*, il a altéré votre caractère. Voir un peu plus haut *your weak condition*.

6. *Dear my lord*, comme *good my lord*, pour *my dear lord*.

PORTIA.

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it[1].

BRUTUS.

Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA.

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical[2]
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning! What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion[3] of the night,
And tempt the rheumy[4] and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense[5] within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; And upon my knees,
I charm you[6], by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate[7] and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you[8] : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

1. *To come by it.* Voy. *that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit*, page 63, note 4.

2. *Is it physical?* est-il salutaire?

3. *The vile contagion*, c'est-à-dire *the foul contagion*, les malignes influences.

4. *Rheumy*, *shrewd*, vif, pénétrant.

5. *Sick offence*, c'est-à-dire *some hurt within your mind that sickens you*, le mal qui vous blesse est dans votre âme.

6. *I charm you* pour *I adjure you* (*by incantation*), je vous conjure.

7. *Did incorporate*, c'est-à-dire *did unite*.

8. *Have had resort to you*, c'est-à-dire *have resorted hither*, se sont rendus chez vous.

Even from darkness.

BRUTUS.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

RTIA.

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted[1] I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation[2];
To keep with you at meals, comfort[3] your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA.

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed — Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded[4]?

1. *Is it excepted?* y a-t-il cette restriction?

2. *In sort or limitation*, c'est-à-dire *after a sort*, *or with limitation*, de telle ou telle sorte, et avec telles et telles réserves.

3. *Comfort*, faire l'agrément de.

4. Corneille dit la même chose dans *Pompée* (acte III, sc. IV) César parle ainsi à Cornélie: « Certes, vos sentiments font assez reconnaître Qui vous donna la main, et qui vous donna l'être; Et l'on juge aisément, au cœur que vous portez, Où vous êtes entrée, et de qui vous sortez, etc. » Il est

Tell me your counsels[1], I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS.

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

(*Knocking within.*)

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile:
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows[2] :—
Leave me with haste.

(*Exit* PORTIA.)

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

LUCIUS.

Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

BRUTUS.

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

vrai qu'un vers suffisait, que cette noble pensée perd de son prix en étant répétée, retournée; mais il est beau que Shakspeare et Corneille aient eu la même idée. (Voltaire.)

1. *Your counsels*, c'est-à-dire *your secrets.*

2. *All my engagements I will construe to thee, all the charactery of my sad brows*, c'est-à-dire *I will explain all my engagements, read to thee all the characters of my sad brow, all the written sorrows of my brow*, je t'expliquerai tous mes engagements, tous les caractères que la tristesse a tracés sur mon front, le vrai caractère de la tristesse répandue sur mon front.

LIGARIUS.

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS.

O, what a time have you chose out[1], brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick[2]!

LIGARIUS.

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRUTUS.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS.

By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins[3]!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit[4]. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole[5].

LIGARIUS.

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS.

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

1. *Chose out*, pour *chosen out*.

2. *'Would you were not sick*, c'est-à-dire *I would that....*

3. *Deriv'd from honourable loins*, c.-à-d. *sprung from honourable loins, son of an honoured sire*, fils généreux d'un père respecté.

4. *Hast conjur'd up my mortified spirit*, c'est-à-dire *hast started, raised my dejected spirit*, tu as fait reparaître, tu as relevé mon courage abattu.

5. *Whole*, entier, intact, en bonne santé.

To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS.

Set on your foot[1];
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS.

Follow me then.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

The same. — A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

CÆSAR.

Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
' Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! ' — Who's within[2]?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lord?

CÆSAR.

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice[3],
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT.

I will, my lord.

(*Exit.*)

1. *Set on your foot*, c'est-à-dire *put your foot forward*, *start*, partez. Voy. page 49, les paroles de Casca : « And I will « set this foot of mine, » etc.

2. *Who's within*, c'est-à-dire *who waits within*, *who waits?* y a-t-il ici quelqu'un ?

3. *Do present sacrifice*, pour *make present*, *instant sacrifice*.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CALPHURNIA.

What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆSAR.

Cæsar shall forth[1]: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CALPHURNIA.

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies[2],
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts[3] most horrid sights seen by the watch[4].
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd[5] and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled[6] blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled[7] in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

1. *Shall forth*, c'est-à-dire *shall walk forth*. De même *shall in, shall out, shall back*, etc.

2. *I never stood on ceremonies*, pour *I never attached importance to omens*, jamais je ne m'arrêtai aux présages. De même, avec une légère variante dans le sens: *to stand on ceremony*, s'arrêter à des cérémonies, faire des façons.

3. *There is one within recounts*, pour *that recounts*. Après *there is, there are*, il y a souvent ellipse du pronom relatif sujet.

4. *Seen by the watch*, aperçus par les gardes.

5. Remarquez dans le récit de Calphurnia le changement continuel des temps, qui décèle son émotion. *Graves have yawn'd — warriors fight — the noise of battle hurtled — horses do neigh.*

6. *To drizzle*, répandre en pluie fine, comme la bruine.

7. *Hurtled*, c'est-à-dire *clashed*, retentissait. Fréquentatif de *hurt* pris dans son acception première de *heurter*.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use [1],
And I do fear them.

CÆSAR.

What can be avoided
Whose end [2] is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world [3] in general, as to Cæsar.

CALPHURNIA.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth [4] the death of princes

CÆSAR.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

SERVANT.

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆSAR.

The gods do this in shame of [5] cowardice :

1. *Beyond all use*, c'est-à-dire *from all custom: are most unusual.*

2. *Whose end*, c'est-à-dire *the end of which: what thing can be avoided whose end is purpos'd*, que peut-on éviter de ce qui est déterminé?

3. *Are to the world*, c.-à-d. *are as much to the world, concern as much the world.*

4. *Blaze forth*, c'est-à-dire *publish, proclaim*, annoncent en traits de feu.

5. *In shame of*, c.-à-d. *to put to shame*, pour faire honte à.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible[1];
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CALPHURNIA.

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆSAR.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour[2], I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS.

Cæsar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CÆSAR.

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.

1. *The elder and more terrible.* En anglais, comme en latin, le comparatif remplace le superlatif quand il n'est question que de deux.

2. *For thy humour*, pour *to humour thee*, pour complaire à ton humeur. Voy. page 43, note 1 : *He should not humour me.*

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius

CALPHURNIA.

Say he is sick.

CÆSAR.

Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard[1] to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DECIUS.

Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆSAR.

The cause is in my will, —I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home[2]:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run[3] pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents[4],
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS.

This dream is all amiss[5] interpreted;

1. *Afeard*, on dirait aujourd'hui *afraid*.

2. *Stays me at home*, c.-à-d. *detains me at home. Stays me at home* pourrait signifier aujourd'hui : m'attend à la maison.

3. *Did run*, c'est-à-dire *did pour out*, versait.

4. *Portents* est tiré du latin : *portentum, portendere*.

5. *All amiss*, tout de travers, à contre-sens.

It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes[1],
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood[2]; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance[3].
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

CÆSAR.

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS.

I have when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now; the senate have concluded[4]
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd[5], for some one to say,
' Break up the senate till another time,

1. *Spouting blood in many pipes*, faisant jaillir le sang en plusieurs conduits.

2. *Shall suck reviving blood*, c.-à-d. *shall draw, derive new blood*, puisera en vous un sang qui la ranimera, qui la rajeunira.

3. *Shall press for tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.* Ce discours est un peu confus. Il y a deux allusions : l'une aux cottes armoriales auxquelles les princes peuvent faire des additions, pour donner de nouvelles teintes (*tinctures*), de nouvelles marques de reconnaissance (*cognizance*); l'autre aux martyrs dont les reliques sont conservées avec vénération. Malone et Steevens pensent que *tinctures* n'a rien à démêler avec l'art héraldique, qu'il signifie seulement un mouchoir ou autre linge teint de sang. Voyez plus loin (discours d'Antoine). *Tinctures*, *stains*, *relics*, ce sont donc des souvenirs que l'on garde comme *cognizance*, c'est-à-dire comme titres de noblesse. On peut donc traduire : Et les plus grands de l'État s'empresseront pour en emporter une teinture, une tache, un souvenir quelconque qui puisse les ennoblir.

4. *Concluded*, pour *determined, decided.*

5. *Apt to be rendered*, c.-à-d. *likely to be reported*, qui pourrait se répandre. — Au même vers, *for some one to say* a le même sens que *were any one to say*, *should any one say.*

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?'
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding[1] bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable[2].

CÆSAR.

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS.

Good-morrow, Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd[3] so early too?
Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

BRUTUS.

Cæsar, 'tis strucken[4] eight.

1. *To your proceeding*, c.-à-d. *to your speeding*, *to your success*, *prosperity*, mon zèle, mon tendre zèle pour votre fortune; dans l'acception latine du mot: « Processisti hodie pulchre, » *you ave sped well to-day*.

2. *Is liable*, c'est-à-dire *is subordinate*, et la raison est soumise à..., toute considération cède à mon dévouement.

3. *Are you stirr'd*, pour *are you stirring*, *astir*, êtes-vous sur pied?

4. *'Tis strucken*, aujourd'hui *it has struck*.

CÆSAR.

thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels[1] long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up. — Good-morrow, Antony.

ANTONY.

So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

Bid them prepare within :—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna : — Now, Metellus : — What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS.

Cæsar, I will : — and so near will I be, (*Aside.*)
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆSAR.

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS.

That every like is not the same[2], O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns[3] to think upon!

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *That revels*, qui se livre au plaisir.

2. *Every like is not the same*, c'est-à-dire *like and same are widely different : to be friends and like friends is not the same*, réflexion inspirée par les paroles de César : *And we like friends*, etc. Être ami et le paraître, quelle différence!

3. *Yearns*, c'est-à-dire *is pained, distressed*, souffre, est navré.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The same. — A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you[1]. Security gives way to[2] conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover[3],

'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation[4].
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive[5].

(*Exit.*)

1. *Look about you*, veille autour de toi. *You* dans la même phrase que *thou*. De même, *Coriolan*, acte III, sc. II, paroles de Volumnie: *Prithee now, say you will.*

2. *Gives way to*, pour *makes way for*, *opens a path to*, ouvre la voie à. *To give way to* veut dire laisser passer, céder le pas; fléchir, mollir.

3. *Lover*, c'est-à-dire *friend*. Voy. plus loin, dans le discours de Brutus: *Friends, countrymen and lovers.* Aujourd'hui *lover* ne pourrait avoir d'autre signification que celle d'amant.

4. *Live out of the teeth of emulation*, vivre à l'abri des dents de l'envie.

5. *Do contrive*, c'est-à-dire *devise*, *plot*, conspirent.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

The same. — Another part of the same street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

PORTIA.

I prithee[1], boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS.

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA.

I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel[2]! —
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS.

Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA.

Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him,

1. *I prithee*, pour *I pray thee*.
2. *To keep counsel*, c'est-à-dire *to observe secrecy*, de garder le secret.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUCIUS.

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA.

Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS.

Sooth [1], madam, I hear nothing.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS [2].

PORTIA.

Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?

ARTEMIDORUS.

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA.

What is't o'clock?

ARTEMIDORUS.

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA.

Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

ARTEMIDORUS.

Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA.

Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

ARTEMIDORUS.

That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

1. *Sooth*, c'est-à-dire *in sooth*, *in truth*, en vérité.

2. Certaines éditions font entrer ici le devin au lieu d'Artémidore

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA.

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

ARTEMIDORUS.

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place void[1], and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

(*Exit.*)

PORTIA.

I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee[2] in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

1. *Void, more void*, c'est-à-dire *wider, more roomy.*

2. *Speed thee*, c'est-à-dire *prosper thee*, que les dieux te secondent. Voy. page 30, note 2: *the gods so speed me.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Rome. — The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* SOOTHSAYER. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

CÆSAR.

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER.

Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS.

Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read[1],
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS.

O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

1. *To o'er-read*, pour *to read over, to peruse*, lire en entier. *To over-read* n'est pas toujours *to read over*; il veut dire quelquefois parcourir. De même *to overlook* et *to look over*.

CÆSAR.

What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd[1].

ARTEMIDORUS.

Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆSAR.

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS.

Sirrah[2], give place[3].

CASSIUS.

What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the senators rise.*

POPILIUS.

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS.

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS.

Fare you well.
(*Advances to* CÆSAR.)

BRUTUS.

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS.

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS.

Look, how he makes to[4] Cæsar: Mark him.

1. *Last served*, c'est-à-dire *last looked to, seen to*. Dans ce sens, *to serve* ne se dit plus que des personnes: *first come, first served*.
2. *Sirrah*, maraud.
3. *Give place*, c'est-à-dire *make way*, fais place. Voy. page 81, note 2, *gives way to*.
4. *Makes to*, c'est-à-dire *makes his way to*, avance vers, aborde.

CASSIUS.

Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention[1].—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back[2],
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS.

Cassius, be constant[3]:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CASSIUS.

Trebonius knows his time: for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

(*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS, CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*)

DECIUS.

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit[4] to Cæsar.

BRUTUS.

He is address'd[5]: press near and second him.

CINNA.

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand[6].

CÆSAR.

Are we all ready? what is now amiss[7]

1. *Prevention*, c'est-à-dire *anticipation*: nous craignons d'être prévenus. Voy. page 58, note 3: *To hide thee from prevention.*

2. *Never shall turn back*, c'est-à-dire *from this: never shall return*, César ou Cassius ne sortira point d'ici.

3. *Be constant*, c'est-à-dire *be firm, be cool.*

4. *Prefer his suit*, c'est-à-dire *present his request*; du latin *præferre*. On dit tous les jours, en style parlementaire, *to prefer a bill, a petition*, etc.

5. *Address'd*, c'est-à-dire *ready*. « For our march we are ad- « dress'd. » (*Le Roi Henri V.*)

6. *That rears your hand.* Il faudrait: *that rear your hand*, ou bien: *that rears his hand.*

7. *What is now amiss*, c.-à-d. *what is there wrong*, quels sont les abus?

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS.

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart[1] :—

(*Kneeling.*)

CÆSAR.

I must prevent thee[2], Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies[3],
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children[4]. Be not fond
To[5] think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause
Will he be satisfied[6].

METELLUS.

Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

1. *An humble heart.* On dirait aujourd'hui, en aspirant l'*h*, *a humble heart.*

2. *Prevent thee*, sens français pour *inform thee*, *warn thee.*

3. *These couchings*, *and these lowly courtesies*, ces prosternements, ces basses salutations. Dans ce sens de salutation, *courtesy* ou *curtsey* ne se dit plus que d'une révérence de femme.

4. *Might turn.... of children*, pourraient changer toute décision, toute résolution arrêtée d'avance en décrets d'enfants.

5. *Be not fond to*, c'est-à-dire *be not so fond*, *be not so foolish as to*, ne te flatte pas de la folle pensée que....

6. *Satisfied*, c'est-à-dire *appeased*, et qu'il ne se laisse point fléchir sans raison.

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS.

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal[1].

CÆSAR.

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS.

Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆSAR.

I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant[2] as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality[3]
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive[4];
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on[5] his rank,
Unshak'd of motion[6]: and that I am he

1. *Freedom of repeal*, e.-à-d. *freedom of return.*

2. *Constant*, c'est-à-dire *immutable, unchanging.*

3. *Resting quality*, immobilité.

4. *And apprehensive*, c'est-à-dire *and can apprehend, and have understanding.*

5. *Holds on his rank* équivaut à *keeps on*, persiste à tenir sa place.

6. *Unshak'd of motion*, c'est-à-dire *unshaken by motion*, pour *unmoved, unshaken by suit or entreaty*, immobile et inflexible.

Let me a little show it, — even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA.

O Cæsar —

CÆSAR.

Hence! Wilt thou lift Olympus?

DECIUS.

Great Cæsar, —

CÆSAR.

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA.

Speak, hands, for me.

Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck, Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.

CÆSAR.

Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar!
(*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*)

CINNA.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS.

Some to the common pulpits[1], and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS.

People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA.

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

1. *Common pulpits*, c'est-à-dire *the public rostrums. Pulpit* se dit de la chaire; *rostrum*, de la tribune.

DECIUS.

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS.

Where's Publius?

CINNA.

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS.

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's[1]
Should chance—

BRUTUS.

Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else[2]: so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS.

And leave us, Publius; lest that[3] the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief

BRUTUS.

Do so;—and let no man abide[4] this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS.

Where's Antony?

TREBONIUS.

Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives[5], and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday[6].

1. *Some friend of Cæsar's*, c'est-à-dire *some of Cæsar's friends*. De même on dit : un de mes amis, *a friend of mine*.

2. *Nor to no Roman else*. On dirait aujourd'hui *nor to any Roman else*.

3. *Lest that*, aujourd'hui *lest*.

4. *Abide*, c'est-à-dire *bear the consequences of*, que nul ne réponde de.

5. *Wives*, c'est-à-dire *women*.

6. *Doomsday*, c'est-à-dire *the day of judgment*, idée chrétienne. — *As it were*, c'est-à-dire *as if it were*.

BRUTUS.

Fates! we will know your pleasures[1] :—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon[2].

CASSIUS.

Why[3] he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS.

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.— Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

CASSIUS.

Stoop then, and wash[4]. — How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over[5],
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS.

How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport[6],

1. *We will know your pleasures*, c'est-à-dire *your will*, nous connaîtrons vos volontés.

2. *That men stand upon*, *take their stand upon*, c'est-a-dire *care for*, *are anxious about*, ce n'est que du moment de la mort et du soin d'allonger leurs jours que les hommes s'inquiètent. Voy. page 74, note 2 : *I never stood on ceremonies.*

3. *Why*, c'est-à-dire *that is the season why*, c'est pourquoi, aussi.

4. *Stoop then, and wash*, c'est-à-dire *and bathe*, baissons-nous donc, et baignons nos mains dans ce sang.

5. *Be acted over*, c'est-à-dire *be acted*, ou *be played*, ou *be performed*. — *Over* offre ici le sens de répétition, *be acted again :* combien de siècles à venir verront représenter....

6. *In sport*, c'est-à-dire *in play*, par manière de jeu, en simulacre.

That now on Pompey's basis[1] lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS.

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us[2] be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

DECIUS.

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS.

Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest[3] and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

BRUTUS.

Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT.

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will wouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How[4] Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

1. *Pompey's basis*, pour *basis of Pompey's statue.*

2. *The knot of us*, c'est-à-dire *the whole of us:* on dira de nous tous, voilà les hommes. *Knot*, c'est-à-dire *group*, *cluster; a knot of gentlemen*, *of ladies*, un groupe de messieurs, de dames.

3. *Most boldest*, pour *most bold.*

4. *And be resolv'd how*, et qu'il lui sera expliqué pourquoi.

So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state[1],
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS.

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse[2].
Tell him, so please him come[3] unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT.

I'll fetch him presently.

(*Exit* SERVANT.)

BRUTUS.

I know that we shall have him well to friend[4].

CASSIUS.

I wish we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose[5].

Re-enter ANTONY.

BRUTUS.

But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

1. *Untrod state*, cette carrière où nul n'a encore marché. « Nullius antè Trita solo. » (Lucrèce.)

2. *Thought him worse*, c.-à-d. *deemed him less.*

3. *So please him come*, c.-à-d. *so it please him to come*, pourvu que, pour peu qu'il veuille se rendre.

4. *We shall have him well to friend*, c'est-à-dire *we shall have a good friend in him*, nous l'aurons aisément pour ami. *To have to friend*, comme *to have to wife.*

5. *Still falls shrewdly to the purpose*, c'est-à-dire *my misgivings, my suspicions have always been a shrewd, an acute guess at the truth*, et toujours mes soupçons n'ont fait que pressentir, devancer la réalité.

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank[1] :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument[2]
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard[3],
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live[4] a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS.

O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of[5] Rome

1. *Who else must be let blood, who else is rank*, à qui il faut encore pratiquer une saignée, quel autre est trop replet. Expressions médicales: Antoine parle ici aux conjurés comme s'ils étaient les médecins de l'Etat.

2. *Nor no instrument*, pour *nor any instrument*.

3. *If you bear me hard*. Voy. page 42, note 6 : *Cæsar doth bear me hard*.

4. *Live*, c'est-à-dire *were I to live*. Un vers plus loin, *so apt to die*, c'est-à-dire *so fit, prepared to die*.

5. *Wrong of*, c'est-à-dire *wrong done to Rome, the public grievance*, les douleurs publiques de Rome.

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice[1], and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS.

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS.

Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY.

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you[2];—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus; —
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

1. *In strength of malice*, c.-à-d. *strong in hate, strung by hatred*, nos bras animés par la colere, nos cœurs comme des cœurs de frères, pour dire : nos bras seuls sont animés par la colère, nos cœurs sont des cœurs de frères; tous deux vous reçoivent, etc. Pour comprendre pourquoi les bras sont poussés par une colère qui n'existe point dans les cœurs, voy. p. 64, *stir up their servants*. Un vers plus loin, *receive you in*, pour *receive you*; la préposition complémentaire n'est guère d'usage après un verbe de provenance latine; on dirait plutôt, avec un verbe saxon : *take you in*.

2. *Will I shake with you*, c'est à-dire *shake hands with you*.

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me[1],
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death[2],
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with[3] thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe[4].
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee[5].—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS.

Mark Antony,—

1. *Conceit me*, c'est-à-dire *imagine, fancy me.* Voy. page 52, note 5 : *You have right well conceited.*

2. *Dearer than thy death*, c.-à-d. *more keenly than thy death.*

3. *Close in terms of friendship with*, c'est-à-dire *to grapple, in terms of friendship, with*, que de m'unir, dans des termes d'amitié, avec tes ennemis. La portée de *close*, mot d'un sens douteux, se précise par le complément *in terms of friendship* : attendu que *to close with an enemy*, c'est *to grapple with him*, le saisir à bras-le-corps, l'étreindre.

4. *Crimson'd in thy lethe.* "The "word *lethe*, in the sense of death, "must be formed from *lethum*, not "*lethe.*" (NARES's Glossary.)

5. *The heart of thee.* Coleridge regarde ce calembour entre *hart*, cerf, et *heart*, cœur, âme, comme une interpolation de quelque acteur.

ANTONY.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty [1].

CASSIUS.

I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number [2] of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY.

Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point [3], by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I [4] with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRUTUS.

Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard [5],
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY.

That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor [6] that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;

1. *Modesty*, c'est-à-dire *modération*.

2. *Prick'd in number*, c.-à-d. *marked in the number*.

3. *Sway'd from the point*, distrait de la question.

4. *Friends am I*. Remarquez le substantif au pluriel avec le verbe au singulier. Ce pluriel vient de l'idée de deux personnes contenue évidemment dans l'expression: *to be friends with somebody*, être ami avec quelqu'un.

5. *Of good regard*, c.-à-d. *of good, of worthy consideration*: renferment un si grand nombre de considérations légitimes.

6. *Am moreover suitor*, c.-à-d. *I do moreover sue, request*.

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS.

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, a word with you.
(*Aside.*)
You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak[1] in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter!

BRUTUS.

By your pardon[2];—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest[3]
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS.

I know not what may fall : I like it not.

BRUTUS.

Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar :
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all

1. *That Antony speak*, c.-à-d. *should speak.*
2. *By your pardon*, c.-à-d. *by, with your leave;* permettez.
3. *I will protest*, c'est-à-dire *I will declare.*

About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY.

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS.

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

(*Exeunt all but* ANTONY

ANTONY.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use[1],
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for[2] revenge,

1. *So in use*, c.-à-d. *so usual.*

2. *Ranging for*, l'ombre de César, errante, avide de vengeance. De même, p. 60, paroles de Brutus : *Let high-sighted tyranny range on.* Deux vers plus loin, *in these confines*, c'est-à-dire *in these lands.*

With Até[1] by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havoc[2],' and let slip the dogs of war;
That[3] this foul deed shall smell above the earth[4]
With carrion men groaning for burial.

(*Enter a* SERVANT.)

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT.

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.

Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT.

He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— (*Seeing the body.*)

ANTONY.

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion[5], I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine[6],
Began to water[7]. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT.

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

1. *Até*, déesse du mal chez les Grecs.

2. *Shall, with a monarch's voice, cry 'Havoc,'* criera d'une voix souveraine : Pas de quartier! D'après Sir William Blackstone, c'était le mot employé dans les guerres du moyen âge.

3. *That*, c.-à-d. *so that.*

4. *Shall smell above the earth*, l'odeur de cet acte exécrable s'élèvera sur cette terre avec les fétides exhalaisons....

5. *Passion*, c.-à-d. *distress*, douleur. Voy. page 27, note 6 : *I have much mistook your passion.*

6. *Those beads.... in thine*, ces larmes de deuil perler dans tes yeux. *Bead* signifie littéralement un grain de chapelet.

7. *Began to water*, ont commencé à s'humecter, à se mouiller.

ANTONY.

Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety[1] for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue[2] of these bloody men;
According to the which[3] thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

(*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *body*.)

SCENE THE SECOND.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

CITIZENS.

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS.

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

1. *No Rome of safety*, c'est-à-dire *no room*, *no place of safety*. Répétition du calembour de Cassius (voy. page 33, note 6).

2. *Cruel issue*, c.-à-d. *cruel result*, *cruel decision*, l'acte cruel.

3. *According to the which*. C'est comme si le poëte eût dit: *according to the how the people will take it*; selon qu'il en adviendra, selon l'événement. *Which* ne se rapporte à aucun mot, mais à l'idée exprimée par la phrase précédente.

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reason shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN.

I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

(*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens*. BRUTUS goes *into the Rostrum*.)

THIRD CITIZEN.

The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence!

BRUTUS.

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe . censure[1] me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather[2] Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I

1. *Censure*, c'est-à-dire *judge*.
2. *Had you rather*, c'est-à-dire *would you rather*. Voy. page 34, note 7 : *Brutus had rather be*.

rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is[1] tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

CITIZENS.

None, Brutus, none. (*Several speaking at once.*)

BRUTUS.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question[2] of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated[3], wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced[4], for which he suffered death.

(*Enter* ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*)

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

1. *There is*, pour *there are*, forme fréquente chez Shakspeare.

2. *Question*, c'est-à-dire *argument, subject*, les motifs.

3. *Extenuated*, c'est-à-dire *lessened*, atténué.

4. *Enforced*, c'est-à-dire *insisted upon, magnified.*

CITIZENS.

Live, Brutus, live! live!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Cæsar's better parts[1]
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS.

My countrymen—

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS.

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to[2] Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow d to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone[3], till Antony have spoke.

(*Exit.*)

1. *Better parts*, pour *better, nobler qualities*. Aujourd'hui *parts* s'emploie dans le sens de moyens, de talent: *a man of parts*, un homme de talent.

2. *Do grace to*, c'est-à-dire *do honour to*.

3. *Save I alone*, pour *save me alone*. *Till Antony have* (*shall have*) *spoken*.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.— Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY.

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding[1] to you.
(*Goes up.*)

FOURTH CITIZEN.

What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN.

He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

'Twere best he speak[2] no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN.

This Cæsar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Nay, that's certain;
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY.

You gentle Romans—

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

1. *Beholding*, pour *beholden*, c.-à-d. *obliged*.

2. *'Twere best he speak*, c.-à-d. *he had better speak*.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers[1] fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that[2] the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

1. *The general coffers*, c.-à-d. *the public coffers.*

2. *When that.* On dirait aujourd'hui *when.* La construction complète serait : *When it has happened that.*

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me[1]
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Methinks[2] there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong[3].

THIRD CITIZEN.

Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN.

If it be found so, some will dear abide it[4].

SECOND CITIZEN.

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN.

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

1. *Bear with me*, c'est-à-dire *be patient, be indulgent.*

2. *Methinks*, c'est-à-dire *it me thinks;* de même *meseems* pour *it me seems, it seems to me*, il me semble. *Meseems* a vielli; *methinks* est resté en poésie.

3. *Has had great wrong* (sous-entendu *done him, done to him*), a essuyé une grande injustice.

4. *Will dear abide it*, c'est-à-dire *dearly abide, dearly answer for it.* Voy. page 91, note 4 *Let no man abide this deed.*

And none so poor to do him reverence [1].
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins [2] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS.

The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

1. *Do him reverence*, c.-à-d. *do him honour, pay respect to him.*

2. *Napkins* pour *kerchiefs* ou *handkerchiefs.*

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

ANTONY.

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself[1] to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

They were traitors: Honourable men!

CITIZENS.

The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN.

They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

ANTONY.

You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

CITIZENS.

Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Descend.

(ANTONY *comes down from the pulpit.*)

THIRD CITIZEN.

You shall have leave.

1. *I have o'ershot myself*, c'est-à-dire *I have gone beyond my mark, I have gone too far*, je me suis laissé aller trop loin.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stand from[1] the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

ANTONY.

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

CITIZENS.

Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put in on[2];
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd[3]
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no[4];
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel[5]:

1. *Stand from*, c'est-à-dire *away from*, écartez-vous de. Au même vers, *hearse* a le même sens que *bier*.

2. *The first time ever Cæsar put it on*, je me souviens du jour où pour la première fois César la revêtit, la porta. Voy. page 20, note 1: *What dost thou with thy best apparel on?*

3. *To be resolved*, c'est-à-dire *satisfied*, *assured*, se précipitant au dehors pour s'assurer. Voy. page 93, note 4: *And be resolv'd.*

4. *If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no*, si c'était bien Brutus qui frappait si cruellement.

5. *Cæsar's angel*, c'est-à-dire *Cæsar's darling*, l'ami chéri de César.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut[1] of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood[2], great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint[3] of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN.

O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN.

O noble Cæsar!

THIRD CITIZEN.

O woful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN.

O most bloody sight!

1. *The most unkindest cut*, ce fut pour lui le coup le plus cruel de tous. Un double superlatif à la place du superlatif simple: *the unkindest*. De même, p. 85, paroles de Cassius: *With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.*

2. *Ran blood*, c'est-à-dire *ran with his blood*, ruisselait de sang, du sang de César.

3. *Dint*, c'est-à-dire *impression*, *force*, *power*. Au même vers, *gracious*, c'est-à-dire *kind*, *generous*.

SECOND CITIZEN.

We will be revenged: revenge; about[1],—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

ANTONY.

Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN.

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood[2] of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance[3], nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

1. *About*, c'est-à-dire *about it*, *let us set about it*, courons.

2. *To such a sudden flood*, c'est-à-dire *let me not work you up*, *drive you to*, etc., que ce ne soit pas moi qui vous précipite dans ce soudain débordement de révolte.

3. *Nor utterance*, c'est-à-dire *nor delivery*, ni action, ni organe.

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up[1] your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound[2] of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS.

We'll mutiny!

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll burn the house of Brutus!

THIRD CITIZEN.

Away then! come, seek the conspirators!

ANTONY.

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY.

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not — I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS.

Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

ANTONY.

Here is the will, and under[3] Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Most noble Cæsar! — We'll revenge his death.

1. *Ruffle up*, e.-à-d. *stir up*.

2. *Put a tongue in every wound*, qui donnerait à chaque plaie de César une langue dont la voix....

3. *Under*, dans le sens de *with*: on dit de même *you shall have it under his signature*, pour *you shall have it with his signature*.

THIRD CITIZEN.

O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY.

Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho!

ANTONY.

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures[1],
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was[2] a Cæsar! When comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Go, fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

(*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body.*)

ANTONY.

Now let it work: — Mischief[3], thou art afoot,

1. *Common pleasures*, c'est-à-dire *public pleasure grounds*, *to walk abroad in*, etc., des jardins publics, destinés à vos promenades.

2. *Here was*, et de même *there was*, *this was*, c'était là un César! voilà un César!

3. *Now let it work: — Mischief*.... Maintenant que l'œuvre

Take thou what course thou wilt! —

(*Enter a* SERVANT.)

How now[1], fellow?

SERVANT.

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY.

Where is he?

SERVANT.

He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANTONY.

And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish[2]. Fortune is merry[3],
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT.

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid[4] like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY.

Belike[5] they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

(*Exeunt.*)

s'accomplisse! Mal, tu es debout; te voilà déchaîné! *Mischief* dans le sens de *disorder*, *discord*.

1. *How now*, c.-à-d. *what now? what is wanted, meant?* qu'y a-t-il?

2. *Upon a wish*, c'est-à-dire *upon the back of a wish*, ou *to a wish*, il arrive à souhait.

3. *Is merry*, est en belle, en joyeuse humeur.

4. *Are rid*, pour *have rid*, *did ride*, étaient sortis au galop.

5. *Belike*, c'est-à-dire *in all likelihood*, apparemment. *Belike* est aujourd'hui du langage populaire.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The same. A street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

CINNA.

I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy[1] :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

(*Enter* CITIZENS.)

FIRST CITIZEN.

What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN.

Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Ay, and wisely.

1. *Things unluckily*, etc., c'est-à-dire *ill-omenedly*, *ill-omened things*, des idées sinistres obsèdent mon imagination.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, and truly, you were best[1].

CINNA.

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: — You'll bear me a bang for that[2], I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA.

Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN.

As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA.

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

For your dwelling, — briefly.

CINNA.

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Your name, Sir, truly.

CINNA.

Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *You were best*, c'est-à-dire *you had better*, vous ferez bien, je vous le conseille. Voy. page 106, paroles du quatrième citoyen : *'t were best he speak.*

2. *A bang for that*, cela vous vaudra bien un coup de poing, une gourmade, de ma part. *Proceed*, c'est-à-dire *go on*, continuez.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

CINNA.

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA.

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

SECOND CITIZEN.

It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going[1].

THIRD CITIZEN.

Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go!

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *Turn him going*, envoyez-le promener.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Rome. — A room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

ANTONY.

These many then[1] shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS.

Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS.

I do consent—

OCTAVIUS.

Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS.

Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.

He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him[2].
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

1. *These many then*, c'est-à-dire *so all these.*

2. *With a spot I damn him.* C'est comme s'il y avait *with a spot I condemn him*, d'un trait je le condamne.

How to cut off some charge in legacies[1].

LEPIDUS.

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS.

Or here or at the Capitol.

(*Exit* LEPIDUS.)

ANTONY.

This is a slight unmeritable man[2],
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS.

So you thought him[3];
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY.

Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads[4],
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business[5],
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

1. *Some charge in legacies*, c'est-à-dire *some of the behests in legacies*, quelques-unes des dispositions en ce qui touche les legs.

2. *Slight unmeritable man*, c'est-à-dire *a weak, a silly, undeserving man*, c'est là un sot, sans mérite aucun, bon à faire des commissions. *Unmeritable* pour *of no merit* ne se dit plus.

3. *So you thought him*, c'est-à-dire *you thought him fit to stand*, etc. Deux vers plus loin, *black sentence*, c'est-à-dire *dread sentence*.

4. *Slanderous loads*, pour *invidious, hateful loads*, de divers fardeaux trop odieux.

5. *Under the business*, c'est-à-dire *load, charge*, gémissant et suant sous le poids.

Like to the empty[1] ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS.

You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY.

So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint[2] him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste[3], is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow[4]; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion[5]: Do not talk of him,
But as a property[6]. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers[7]: we must straight make head:

1. *Empty*, c.-à-d. *unloaded*, *unladen*, comme l'âne déchargé.

2. *Appoint*, c.-à-d. *set*, *assign*.

3. *In some taste*, pour *in some sort*, *in some shape*, en quelque sorte.

4. *A barren-spirited fellow*, c'est un esprit stérile.

5. *One that feeds on objects, arts, and imitations, which, when out of use, and staled by other men, then begin his fashion*, c'est-à-dire *a fellow that delights in such things, whether of art or imitation, as are antiquated* (*out of use*), *and blown upon* (*staled*) *by others, for then they begin his fashion—assume in his eyes the custom and novelties of fashion*, et qui fait ses délices de tout objet, soit d'art, soit de simple imitation, qui a vieilli, ou qui est dédaigné par les autres—car c'est alors qu'il l'adopte.

6. *But as a property*, que comme d'une chose. Un vers plus loin, *listen great things*, pour *listen to great things*, de grands intérêts réclament votre attention.

7. *Powers* équivaut à *troops*, *armies*. Au même vers, *to make head* signifie tenir tête.

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our means stretch'd [1];
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd [2],
And open perils surest answered [3].

OCTAVIUS.

Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about [4] with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief [5].

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *Our best friends made, and our means stretch'd out*, c.-à-d. *our best friends made sure of, and our means exerted to the uttermost*, songeons donc à combiner notre alliance, à nous assurer de nos meilleurs amis, et à déployer toute l'étendue de nos ressources.

2. *Go sit in council, how covert matters may be best disclos'd*, c.-à-d. *go and sit in council and deliberate how hidden matters may be best discovered*, allons sans retard siéger en conseil pour aviser aux plus sûrs moyens de découvrir les sourdes menées de nos ennemis.

3. *Answered*, c'est-à-dire *met, faced*, et de faire face à.

4. *For we are at the stake, and bay'd about*, c'est-à-dire *we are bound to the stake, and baited about*, nous sommes liés au pieu, nous sommes enchaînés dans l'arène et entourés de nombreux ennemis qui s'acharnent contre nous. Le pieu (*stake*) est un souvenir du *Bear-garden* où l'ours combattait, la chaîne au cou. De même Macbeth: "They "have tied me to a stake: I can-"not fly, but bear-like, I must "fight the course." (Acte V, sc. VII.)

5. *Millions of mischief*, c'est-à-dire *of mischievous designs*, des millions de projets perfides.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

BRUTUS.

Stand, ho[1]!

LUCIUS.

Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS.

What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS.

He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

(PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.)

BRUTUS.

He greets me well[2]. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change[3], or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone[4]: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied[5].

1 *Stand, ho!* holà, halte!

2. *He greets me well*, c'est-à-dire *Cassius greets me well: his greetings are friendly*, ses salutations sont celles d'un ami.

3. *In his own change*, pour *by his own change, by a change in himself.*

4. *To wish things done, undone*, c'est-à-dire *that things that are done had been left undone*, que des choses faites ne le fussent pas. Du reste on n'écrit pas autrement, même lorsqu'on veut dire tout le contraire: *to wish things done*, c'est-à-dire *were done*, souhaiter que des choses fussent faites.

5. *I shall be satisfied* a le même sens que *I shall be resolved*, je saurai ce qui en est, il s'en expliquera.

PINDARUS.

I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

BRUTUS.

He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolv'd.

LUCILIUS.

With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances[1],
Not with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced[2] ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand[3],
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests[4], and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

1. *Familiar instances*, c'est-à-dire *familiar proofs*, *proofs of familiarity*.

2. *Enforced*, c'est-à-dire *exaggerated*, *unnatural*, elle (l'amitié) affecte force politesses. Voy. page 104, note 4 : *Nor his offences enforced.*

3. *Horses hot at hand*, c'est-à-dire *at stroking of the hand*, *when stroked*, *patted*, chevaux pleins de feu sous la main. Un vers plus loin, *gallant show*, c'est-à-dire *brave show*, dont la brillante apparence promet une courageuse ardeur. Pour *at hand* dans un autre sens, voir plus haut, scène II, paroles de Lucilius : *He is at hand.*

4. *Fall their crests*, c'est-à-dire *let fall*, *droop their heads.*

LUCILIUS.

They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

(*March Within.*)

BRUTUS.

Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

CASSIUS.

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS.

Stand, ho! Speak the word along[1].
(*Within*[2].) Stand.
(*Within.*) Stand.
(*Within.*) Stand.

CASSIUS.

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS.

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS.

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

BRUTUS.

Cassius, be content[3];
Speak your griefs softly, — I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

1. *Along*, c'est-à-dire *along the ranks*, faites passer l'ordre dans les rangs.

2. *Within*, c'est-à-dire *from within*, de l'intérieur, c'est-à-dire derrière le théâtre.

3. *Be content*, c'est-à-dire *be cool*, calmez-vous.

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs[1],
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS.

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges[2] off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS.

Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted[3] Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein[4] my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

1. *Enlarge your griefs*, c'est-à-dire *set free your grievances*, donnez un libre cours à vos griefs.

2. *Charges*, c'est-à-dire *companies, troops.*

3. *Noted*, noté d'infamie.

4. *Wherein*, c'est-à-dire *a cas: in which.* Au même vers, *on his side*, pour *in his favour.* Un vers plus loin, *slighted off*, repoussées avec mépris.

BRUTUS.

You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

CASSIUS.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment[1].

BRUTUS.

Let me tell you Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm[2];
To sell and mart[3] your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS.

I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS.

The name of Cassius honours this corruption.
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head[4].

CASSIUS.

Chastisement?

BRUTUS.

Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body[5], that did stab,

1. *Every nice offense should bear his comment*, pour *every* SLIGHT *offence should bear* ITS *comment*, que chaque petite faute, que la plus légère faute soit suivie d'un commentaire, qu'on commente, qu'on critique, etc.

2. *To have an itching palm*, c'est-à-dire *censured as having a palm itching* FOR BRIBES on vous reproche à vous-même une avide démangeaison dans la main.

3. *To sell and mart*, c'est-à-dire, *to sell and make market of*, on vous blâme de trafiquer de vos emplois et de les vendre, à prix d'or, à des hommes sans mérite. *Mart* a vieilli comme verbe.

4. *Hide his head*, c'est-à-dire *hide its head*, n'ose se montrer.

5. *What villain touch'd his body...*, c'est-à-dire WHO THAT *touched his body, did stab, and*

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes[1],
And sell the mighty space of our large honour
For so much trash as may be grasped thus[2]?—
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon[3],
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, bait not me[4],
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in[5]; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions[6].

BRUTUS.

Go to[7]; you're not, Cassius.

not for justice, WHO, WHAT VILLAIN? Quel est le misérable qui en attentant à sa personne l'a frappée pour une autre cause que la justice?

1. *With base bribes*, d'infâmes concussions.

2. *For so much trash as may be grasped thus*, c'est-à-dire *may be held thus in the grasp of the hand*, vendrions-nous le vaste champ que remplit notre gloire pour une poignée de vil métal, pour autant de ce vil métal qu'on en pourrait serrer dans la main?

3. *And bay the moon*, c.-à-d. *bay at the moon*, *bark*, *howl at the moon*, aboyer à la lune. Shakspeare donne également au verbe actif *bay* le sens de poursuivre de ses aboiements, harceler, s'acharner après, acculer : voy. p. 123, paroles d'Octave : "For we are at the stake, "and bay'd about...." Voy. aussi p. 83, paroles d'Antoine : "Here "wast thou bay'd brave hart."

4. *Bait not me*, c'est-à-dire *flout not me*, trêve à cette raillerie mordante. C'est là le texte primitif, que le commentateur Steevens a remplacé à tort par *bay not me*.

5. *To hedge me in*, c'est-à-dire *to curb my authority*, en voulant me resserrer dans un cercle étroit.

6. *To make conditions*, c'est-à-dire *to treat*, *to stipulate*, de traiter des places qui sont à ma disposition.

7. *Go to*, allons donc! *Go to*, c'est-à-dire *go to* IT, *set about it*, *try it*, comme encouragement, allons; comme défi, allons donc!

CASSIUS.

I am.

BRUTUS.

I say you are not.

CASSIUS.

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health[1], tempt me no further.

BRUTUS.

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is't possible?

BRUTUS.

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler[2]?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS.

O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS.

All this? ay, more: Fret[3] till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you[4]! for, from this day forth,

1. *Upon your health*, c'est-à-dire *look to your life*, songez à votre sûreté. Au même vers, *tempt me no further*, *drive me no further*, cessez de m'irriter davantage.

2. *Must I give way and room to your rash choler*, suis-je obligé de plier (mot à mot, de faire place) devant votre fougueuse humeur?

3 *Fret*, irritez-vous

4. *Though it do split you*, dût-il vous crever, vous dévorerez tout le fiel de votre bile, dût-il vous suffoquer! Deux vers plus loin, *waspish*, irrité, emporté, de *wasp*, guêpe.

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS.

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.

You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS.

You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say better?

BRUTUS.

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS.

When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me[1].

BRUTUS.

Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted[2] him.

CASSIUS.

I durst not?

BRUTUS.

No.

CASSIUS.

What? durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS.

For your life you durst not[3].

1. *Have mov'd me*, c'est-à-dire *to anger*, *have provoked*, *angered me*. Voy. pour un autre sens p. 89, paroles de César : " If I " could pray to move, prayers " would move me."

2. *Tempted*, c'est-à-dire *tried*, *proved*, l'éprouver ainsi, le mettre à une aussi rude épreuve.

3. *For your life you durst not*, sur votre vie, vous ne l'auriez pas [illegible] tout imparfait ou

CASSIUS.

Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats :
For I am àrm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not[1]. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart[2],
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash[3]
By any indirection[4]! — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : — Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[5] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

prétérit anglais d'un verbe défectif, *durst* peut jouer le rôle de conditionnel présent ou antérieur : *I durst*, j'osais, j'oserais, j'eusse osé, j'aurais osé.

1. *I respect not*, c'est-à-dire *heed not*, que je ne remarque pas.

2. *I had rather coin my heart*, j'aimerais mieux convertir mon cœur en monnaie, couler mon sang en drachmes.

3. *Vile trash*, que d'arracher de la main durcie des paysans leur misérable avoir.

4. *By any indirection* pour *by any indirect course*, par des moyens détournés, iniques.

5. *To lock such rascal counters*, c'est-à-dire : *as to lock up, shut up such wretched counters*, assez sordide pour tenir sous clef et cacher à ses amis ces misérables jetons.

CASSIUS.

I denied you not.

BRUTUS.

You did.

CASSIUS.

I did not : — he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd[1] my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS.

I do not, till you practise them on me[2].

CASSIUS.

You love me not.

BRUTUS.

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS.

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS.

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear[3]
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

1. *Hath riv'd*, c'est-à-dire *hath rent my heart.*

2. *Till you practise them on me*, je ne les exagère que lorsque vous les exercez à mes dépens, lorsque vous m'en rendez victime.

3. *Though they do appear*, pour *though they should appear.* De même plus haut : *you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you*, pour *though it should split you.*

Check'd[1] like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote[2],
To cast into my teeth[3]. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes[4]!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worse, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS.

Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope[5];
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour[6].
O Cassius, you are yoked with[7] a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced[8], shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Cassius liv'd

1. *Check'd*, c'est-à-dire *chid*, *rated*, *rebuked*.

2. *Conn'd by rote*, c'est-à-dire *got by rote*, *by heart : learned by rote and conn'd*, apprises par cœur, repassées. *Conned* de *to con*, chercher à connaître, repasser, du saxon *connan*, *cunnan*, savoir. De *conning*, participe présent de *to con*, on a fait *cunning*, science, art, artifice, ruse.

3. *To cast into my teeth*, pour m'être jetées à la tête. On se serait attendu à *his : to cast into his teeth*.

4. *I could weep my spirit from mine eyes*, ah! toute mon âme pourrait s'écouler avec mes pleurs

5. *It shall have scope*, pour *your anger shall have scope*, votre colère aura son libre cours.

6. *Dishonour shall be humour*, le déshonneur même sera une plaisanterie.

7. *You are yoked with*, vous êtes lié au joug avec, vous avez pour compagnon.

8. *Who*, *much enforced*, pour *which*, *much forced*, lequel, fortement frappé.

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd[1], vexeth him?

BRUTUS.

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS.

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS.

And my heart too.

CASSIUS.

O Brutus!—

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

CASSIUS.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour[2] which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS.

Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest[3] with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

(*Noise within.*)

POET. (*Within.*)

Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCIUS. (*Within.*)

You shall not come to them.

1. *Ill-tempered*, c'est-à-dire *hot-tempered*, échauffé par la colère.

2. *Rash humour*, c'est-à-dire *hot, headlong humour, choler*, cette humeur violente que je tiens de ma mère.

3. *Over-earnest*, c'est-à-dire *too warm, vehement.*

POET. (*Within.*)

Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

CASSIUS.

How now? What's the matter?

POET.

For shame, you generals : What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS.

Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme[1]!

BRUTUS.

Get you hence, sirrah : saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS.

Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS.

I'll know his humour[2], when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jigging fools[3]?
Companion, hence!

CASSIUS.

Away, away, be gone!

(*Exit* POET.)

1. *How.... rhyme*, comme ce cynique rime misérablement! Le poëte, qui est censé répéter les paroles de Nestor dans Homère, fait rimer ces deux derniers vers : *Should* BE.... *than* YE. Voici les paroles rimées par North : "My "Lords, I pray you, hearken "both to me, For I have seen "more years than such ye three."

2. *I'll know his humour*, je saurai mieux prendre son humeur, lorsqu'il saura mieux prendre son temps.

3. *Jigging fools*, c'est-à-dire *buffoons*, qu'a-t-on besoin à l'armée de ces baladins? *Jig* était le nom d'une composition bouffonne et le plus souvent rimée que l'on confiait au *clown*.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

BRUTUS.

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CASSIUS.

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

(*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.)

BRUTUS.

Lucius, a bowl of wine.

CASSIUS.

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS.

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs[1].

CASSIUS.

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS.

No man bears sorrow better : — Portia is dead.

CASSIUS.

Ha ! Portia?

BRUTUS.

She is dead.

CASSIUS.

How 'scap'd I killing[2] when I cross'd you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss ! —
Upon what sickness?

1. *Sick of many griefs*. On dirait en prose : *with many griefs*.

2. *Killing*, c'est-à-dire *being killed*, comment ai-je échappé à la mort — et vous ne m'avez pas tué.... Deux vers plus loin : *Upon what sickness*. On dirait aujourd'hui : *of* ou *by what sicknesse*.

BRUTUS.

Impatient of my absence[1];
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings[2] came, — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire[3].

CASSIUS.

And died so?

BRUTUS.

Even so.

CASSIUS.

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness[4], Cassius.

(*Drinks.*)

CASSIUS.

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge[5]:
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell[6] the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

(*Drinks.*)

1. *Impatient of my absence.* La construction exigeait *impatience of my absence, and grief*, du désespoir causé par mon absence et du chagrin de voir....

2. *That tidings*, comme *that news.* Au même vers *fell distract*, pour *fell, ran distracted*, devint folle, sa raison s'égara.

3. *Swallow'd fire*, c'est-à-dire *burning coals*, elle avala des charbons ardents. C'est ainsi que Plutarque raconte la mort de Portia; mais les lettres de Cicéron la font simplement mourir de langueur.

4. *Unkindness*, c'est-à-dire *all unkind feeling*, tout sentiment d'aigreur.

5. *My heart.... for that noble pledge*, mon cœur a soif de répondre à ce noble gage d'amitié.

6. *O'erswell*, c'est-à-dire *overswell: Swell, rise above the cup, overflow the cup*, jusqu'à ce que la liqueur déborde.

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

BRUTUS.

Come in, Titinius—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about[1] this taper here,
And call in question our necessities[2].

CASSIUS.

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS.

No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition[3] toward Philippi.

MESSALA.

Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

BRUTUS.

With what addition[4]?

MESSALA.

That by proscription, and bills of outlawry[5],
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred[6] senators.

1. *Sit we close about*, c'est-à-dire *let us sit close*, serrons-nous autour de....

2. *Call in question our necessities*, discutons la situation et ses nécessités. *To call in question* signifierait aujourd'hui mettre en question, révoquer en doute.

3. *Bending their expedition*, c.-à-d. *bending their march*, dirigeant leur marche; on dit de même *to bend one's steps*, diriger ses pas.

4. *With what addition*, et quoi de plus? et qu'y ajoute-t-on?

5. *By.... outlawry*, par des décrets de proscription et de mise hors la loi. *Proscription* et *outlawry* sont deux mots de provenance différente pour dire la même chose.

6. *An hundred*. Il faudrait absolument dire aujourd'hui *a hundred*, la lettre *h* étant aspirée dans *hundred*.

BRUTUS.

Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS.

Cicero one?

MESSALA.

Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS.

No, Messala.

MESSALA.

Nor nothing[1] in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS.

Nothing Messala.

MESSALA.

That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS.

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA.

No, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Now, as you are a Roman[2], tell me true.

MESSALA.

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

1. *Nor nothing*, c'est à-dire *nor aught, nor anything*.

2. *As you are a Roman*, c'est à-dire *as true as you are*, aussi vrai que vous êtes, si vous êtes un Romain. De même, p. 16, paroles de Brutus : " Let the gods so " speed me as I love."

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner[1].

BRUTUS.

Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA.

Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS.

I have as much of this in art[2] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS.

Well, to our work alive[3]. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS.

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS.

Your reason?

CASSIUS.

This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence[4]; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest[5], defence, and nimbleness.

1. *By strange manner*, c'est-à-dire *in a strange manner*.

2. *In art*, c'est-à-dire *in speculation*, *in theory*, comme théorie j'en sais là-dessus autant que vous, autant qu'un autre.

3. *To our work alive*, c'est-à-dire *to our work with life*, *with spirit*, à l'œuvre et vivement.

4. *Doing himself offence*, c'est-à-dire *hurt*; *hurting*, *injuring himself*, se nuisant, se faisant tort à lui-même.

5. *Are full of rest*, c'est-à-dire *shall be full of rest*, serons pleins de repos: tandis que nous, en demeurant tranquilles, nous serons bien reposés, fermes et alertes.

BRUTUS.

Good reasons must, of force[1], give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them[2],
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added[3], and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there[4],
These people at our back[5].

CASSIUS.

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS.

Under your pardon[6]. —You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full[7], our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

1. *Must of force*, c'est-à-dire *must needs*, doivent forcément, nécessairement.

2. *By them*, c'est-à-dire *through them*, en les traversant, en traversant leur pays. Un vers plus loin, *by them*, c'est-à-dire *through their means*, augmentera par eux le nombre de ses troupes.

3. *New-added*, c'est-à-dire *with new additions, recruited*: il s'avancera rafraîchi, renforcé et encouragé.

4. *There*, placé à la fin du vers, n'ajoute rien au sens: *If at Philippi we do face him, if we do face him there at Philippi.*

5. *At our back*, c.-à-d. *having these people behind us*, laissant ces peuples sur nos derrières.

6. *Under your pardon*, c'est-à-dire *by*, *with your leave*, *with your permission*, permettez. Même vers, *beside* pour *besides*. Remarquez un vers plus loin, *tried the utmost of our friends*, c'est-à-dire *the utmost of what our friends could do*, ou bien, *tried*, *tasked our friends to the uttermost*, nous avons épuisé les dernières ressources de nos amis.

7. *Brim-full*, sont pleines jusqu'au bord, c'est-à-dire sont au grand complet.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood[1], leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries[2].
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures[3].

CASSIUS.

Then, with your will, go on,
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk[4],
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard[5] with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS.

No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS.

Lucius, my gown. (*Exit* LUCIUS.) Farewell, good Messala;
Good night, Titinius : — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

1. *Taken at the flood*, c'est-à-dire *at the full, at the high flood*, les affaires humaines ont leur flux qui, au moment où le flot s'élève, les pousse à la fortune. Un vers plus loin, *omitted*, c'est-à-dire, *that flood omitted*, *neglected*, l'occasion perdue.

2. *Is bound in shallows, and in miseries*, c'est-à-dire *bound*, *destined to be performed in shallows and in miseries*, tout le voyage de leur vie est destiné à se passer au milieu des écueils et des malheurs.

3. *Our ventures*, c'est-à-dire *what we venture*, nos entreprises.

4. *Is crept upon our talk*, c'est-à-dire *deep night has crept upon our talk*, les ombres de la nuit nous ont surpris en conseil. On remarquera que Shakspeare emploie très-souvent l'auxiliaire *to be* avec les verbes neutres.

5. *Which we will niggard*, c.-à-d. *sparingly indulge*, que nous satisferons avec un léger repos.

CASSIUS.

O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS.

Everything is well.

CASSIUS.

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS AND MESSALA.

Good night, lord Brutus.

BRUTUS.

Farewell, every one.

(*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS *and* MESSALA.)

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS.

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave[1], I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men :
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS.

Varro, and Claudius!

1. *Poor knave*, c'est-à-dire *poor youth*, *poor boy*. Même vers *over-watched*, c'est-à-dire *tired by over-watching*, harassé, excédé de veilles

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VARRO.

Calls my lord?

BRUTUS.

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO.

So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

BRUTUS.

I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

(SERVANTS *lie down.*)

LUCIUS.

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS.

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful[1].
Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument[2] a strain or two?

LUCIUS.

Ay, my lord, an it please you.

BRUTUS.

It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

1. *Much forgetful*, c'est-à-dire *very forgetful. Much* se joint à un participe passé; il ne s'emploie guère avec l'adjectif, à moins que celui-ci ne soit au comparatif.

2. *Touch thy instrument*, c'est-à-dire *touch, play on thy instrument a strain or two*, et faire entendre quelques accords sur ton instrument.

LUCIUS.

It is my duty, Sir.

BRUTUS.

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for[1] a time of rest.

LUCIUS.

I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS.

It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

(*Music, and a song.*)

This is a sleepy tune[2]: — O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[3] upon my boy,
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod[4], thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see: — Is not the leaf turn'd down[5]
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. (*He sits down.*)

Enter the GHOST *of* CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

1. *Young bloods look for*, c'est-à-dire *young folks expect, require*, ou *youth expects, requires*.

2. *This is a sleepy tune*, c'est un air somnolent.

3. *Leaden mace*, c'est-à-dire *leaden rod, sceptre:* tu appesantis ton sceptre de plomb.

4. *If thou dost nod*, pour peu que tu laisses tomber la tête.

5. *Turn'd down*, c.-à-d. *folded down*, le feuillet n'est-il point plié.

It comes upon me. — Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare[1]?
Speak to me what thou art[2].

GHOST.

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS.

Why com'st thou?

GHOST.

To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS.

Well : Then I shall see thee again?

GHOST.

Ay, at Philippi.

(GHOST *vanishes*.)

BRUTUS.

Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

LUCIUS.

The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS.

He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

1. *My hair to stare*, c'est-à-dire *to stand on end*, et fais dresser mes cheveux. *Stare*, qui veut dire aujourd'hui regarder fixement, signifiait primitivement *roidir*.

2. *Speak to me what thou art*, c.-à-d. *say to me what thou art*.

LUCIUS.

My lord.

BRUTUS.

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS.

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS.

Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see anything!

LUCIUS.

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou[1]! awake!

VARRO.

My lord.

CLAUDIUS.

My lord.

BRUTUS.

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO, CLAUDIUS.

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS.

Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRO.

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS.

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Go, and commend me to my brother[2] Cassius;

1. *Fellow thou* pour *thou fellow*, et toi, camarade, éveille-toi.

2. *Commend me to my brother*, saluez de ma part mon frère. On

Bid him set on his powers[1] betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRO, CLAUDIUS.

It shall be done, my lord.

(*Exeunt.*)

roit de même, dans la quatrième scène du second acte, paroles de Porcia : "Run, Lucius, and "commend me to my lord."

1. *Set on his powers*, c'est-à-dire *march his troops*, *betimes before us :* qu'il porte de bonne heure ses troupes en avant.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered[1] :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so[2] : their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us[3] at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY.

Tut, I am in their bosoms[4], and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery[5], thinking, by this face,

1. *Our hopes are answer'd*, on répond à nos espérances, nos espérances se réalisent.

2. *It proves not so*, c.-à-d. *it is not so*, le contraire est arrivé. Même vers, *battles* pour *armies*.

3. *To warn us*, c'est-à-dire *to summon us to battle*, nous appeler au combat.

4. *Tut, I am in their bosoms*, bah ! je descends au fond de leur pensée.

5. *With fearful bravery*, ils descendent en plaine par une bravade craintive; et non pas, comme le voudrait Malone, *fearful* offrant ici le sens de *terrible*, *terrifie* : avec une bravoure à

To fasten[1] in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show[2];
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out[3],
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY.

Octavius, lead your battle[4] softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field[5].

OCTAVIUS.

Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

ANTONY.

Why do you cross me in this exigent[6]?

OCTAVIUS.

I do not cross you; but I will do so.

(*March.*)

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

BRUTUS.

They stand, and would have parley[7].

frapper de terreur. Même vers, *by this face*, c'est-à-dire *show*, par ce semblant, cette apparence de résolution.

1. *To fasten*, pour *to fix*, *to impress*.

2. *In gallant show*, en belle ordonnance.

3. *Is hung out*, c'est-à-dire *displayed*. L'enseigne sanglante de la bataille était, d'après Plutarque, une tunique ou cotte d'armes rouge.

4. *Battle*, c'est-à-dire *army*, comme plus haut, *their battles are at hand*.

5. *Even field*, c'est-à-dire *level plain*, *plain*.

6. *In this exigent*, pour *exigence* ou *exigency*: dans ce moment critique.

7. *Would have parley*, c'est-

CASSIUS.

Stand fast[1], Titinius : We must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS.

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle[2]?

ANTONY.

No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge[3].
Make forth[4]; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS.

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS.

Words before blows[5] : Is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS.

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS.

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY.

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

CASSIUS.

Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown[6];

à-dire *would parley*, ils veulent, ils paraissent vouloir parlementer.

1. *Stand fast*, faites halte. *To stand fast*, demeurer ferme. Même vers, *we must out*, c'est-à-dire STEP *out*, il nous faut sortir des lignes.

2. *Sign of battle*, c'est-à-dire *signal of battle*.

3. *Answer on their charge*, c'est-à-dire *answer their attack*.

4. *Make forth*, c'est-à-dire *make* WAY *forth : step forth*. Même vers, *would have*, c'est-à-dire *would exchange*.

5. *Words before blows*, les paroles avant les coups. Ceci a trait à la locution : *He is but a word and a blow*. *it is but a word and blow with him*, il a la main leste.

6. *The posture of your blows are*, c'est-à-dire *the* PLACE *of your blows* IS..., on ignore encore où vous porterez vos coups, la por-

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY.

Not stingless too.

BRUTUS.

O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

ANTONY.

Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another[1] in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS.

Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd[2].

OCTAVIUS.

Come, come, the cause[3] : If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops[4].
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

tée de vos coups est encore inconnue. Quand un nom au pluriel, dépendant du sujet et précédé de *of*, se trouve immédiatement devant le verbe, les écrivains du temps de Shakspeare mettent le plus souvent le verbe au pluriel, le vrai sujet du verbe fût-il au singulier.

1. *Hack'd one another*, c'est-à-dire *notched one another*, se sont ébréchés, se sont émoussés.

2. *Ruled*, c.-à-d. *prevailed*.

3. *The cause*, c'est-à-dire *to the business*, *to the point*, allons, finissons! au fait!

4. *Will turn to redder drops*, si la discussion nous échauffe à ce point, il en sortira à l'épreuve une sueur de sang.

When think you that the sword goes up again[1]?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-twenty[2] wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS.

Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS.

So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS.

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain[3],
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable[4].

CASSIUS.

A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller[5].

ANTONY.

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS.

Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we[6] in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs[7].

(*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*)

1. *Goes up again*, c'est-à-dire INTO THE SCABBARD, *returns, will return to the scabbard*, rentrera dans le fourreau.

2. *Three-and-twenty*, pour *twenty three*. Le texte primitif porte *three and* THIRTY.

3. *Strain*, c'est-à-dire *race*.

4. *More honourable* pour *more honourably*.

5. *A masker and a reveller*, c.-à-d. *a mummer and a debauchee*, un farceur et un débauché.

6. *Defiance, traitors, hurl we.* Inversion: *We hurl defiance, traitors.* Notre défi, traîtres, nous vous le jetons à la face.

7. *Stomachs*, c'est-à-dire *liking, appetite*, quand le cœur vous en dira.

CASSIUS.

Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim[1], bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard[2]

BRUTUS.

Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS.

My lord.

(BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*)

CASSIUS.

Messala —

MESSALA.

What says my general?

CASSIUS.

Messala,
This is my birth-day; at this very day[3]
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle[4] all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion[5]: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

1. *Swim*, c'est-à-dire *float*, et vogue la barque! Un vers plus loin, *the storm is up*, c.-à-d. *is raised*, la tempête est déchaînée.

2. *Is on the hazard*, c'est-à-dire *depends on hazard*, est à la merci du hasard.

3. *At this very day*, c.-à-d. *with this very day*, *just this very day*.

4. *To set upon one battle*, c'est-à-dire *to stake*, *hazard*, *on one battle*, de risquer dans une seule bataille.

5. *I held Epicurus strong*, *and his opinion*, c'est-à-dire *I deemed Epicurus and his doctrine sound*, j'ai cru à l'infaillibilité d'Épicure et de ses doctrines.

Two mighty eagles fell[1]; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us[2];
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey[3]; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA.

Believe not so.

CASSIUS.

I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit[4], and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS.

Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS.

Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day[5] stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain[6],
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

1. *Eagles fell*, c'est-à-dire *on our* FOREMOST *ensign two mighty eagles lighted*, deux puissants aigles se sont abattus sur notre première enseigne.

2. *Who to Philippi here consorted us*, pour WHICH *to Philippi here* ACCOMPANIED *us*.

3. *As.... sickly prey*, c'est-à-dire *as* IF *we were a feeble prey*.

4. *I am fresh of spirit*, je me sens plein de vigueur et de courage. Un vers plus loin: *very constantly*, c.-à-d. *with constancy*.

5. *The gods to-day* pour *may the gods to-day...*, puissent aujourd'hui les dieux se montrer propices.

6. *Still incertain*, c.-à-d. *uncertain*, puisqu'il reste toujours quelque incertitude dans les affaires....

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS.

Even by the rule[1] of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: — I know not how
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life[2]: — arming myself[3] with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS.

Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented[4] to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS.

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

1. *Even by the rule*, c'est-à-dire *I am determined to do, to act even by the rule*, de me régler sur cette philosophie même....

2. *So to prevent the time of life*, pour *so to* ANTICIPATE *the* TERM *of life*, de devancer ainsi le terme de la vie.

3. *Arming myself*, c'est à-dire *I am determined to arm myself with patience, and stay (wait) the providence*, je m'armerai de patience, j'attendrai les décrets.... *Of some high powers*, c.-à-d. *of some unknown power*, des puissances suprêmes, quelles qu'elles soient.

4. *Contented*, c'est-à-dire *willing*, vous consentez donc.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS.

Why then, lead on. — O, that a man might know[1]
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

The same. — The Field of battle.

Alarum. — *Enter* BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

BRUTUS.

Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills[2]
Unto the legions on the other side:

(*Loud alarum.*)

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour[3] in Octavius' wing,

1. *O, that a man might know*, c'est-à-dire *O, would that, I would that, a man...*, oh! si l'on pouvait connaître. Voy. page 63, note 4, paroles de Brutus : *O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit.*

2. *These bills*, c.-à-d. *letters, orders :* remets ces billets.

3. *Demeanour*, c.-à-d. *attitude.*

And sudden push gives them the overthrow [1].
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

The same. — Another part of the Field.

Alarum. — *Enter* CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

CASSIUS.

O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TITINIUS.

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PINDARUS.

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS.

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

1. *And sudden push gives them the overthrow*, c'est-à-dire *a sudden shock overthrows, will overthrow them.*

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS.

Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs[1] in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy[2].

TITINIUS.

I will be here again, even with a thought[3].

(*Exit.*)

CASSIUS.

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick[4]; regard[5] Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

(*Exit* PINDARUS.)

This day I breathed first: time is come round[6],
And where I did begin shall I there end;
My life has run his compass[7]. — Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS (*above*).

O my lord!

1. *Hide thy spurs*, c'est-à-dire *bury thy spurs*, enfonce-lui les éperons dans les flancs.

2. *Friend or enemy*. Ces deux mots sont pris adjectivement pour *friends or enemies*.

3. *Even with a thought*, c'est-à-dire *quick as thought*, aussi vite que la pensée.

4. *Sight was ever thick*, pour *was ever dull*, *was ever dim*, ma vue fut toujours trouble. *Thick* ne se dit plus aujourd'hui de la vue trouble, mais il se dit encore de la dureté de l'ouïe.

5. *Regard*, c'est-à-dire *look*.

6. *Time is come round*, le temps est revenu à son point de départ, le temps a décrit sa révolution. De même, *summer*, *winter is come round*, *has come round*, voilà l'été de retour, voilà l'hiver de retour.

7. *Is run his compass*, c'est-à-dire *has run* ITS *course*, a fourni son cours.

CASSIUS.

What news?

PINDARUS.

Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur[1];
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius[2]!—Now some 'light[3]:—Oh! he 'lights too:
He's ta'en;—and, hark! they shout for joy

(*Shout.*)

CASSIUS.

Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee[4], saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now, be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom[5].
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now[6],

1. *Make to him on the spur*, c'est-à-dire *make towards him on the spur, spur towards him*, qui fondent sur lui à franc étrier, à toute bride.

2. *Now, Titinius*, c'est-à-dire *Now* FOR IT, *Titinius!* courage, Titinius!

3. *Some 'light*, c'est-à-dire *alight*, mettent pied à terre

4. *I swore thee*, c.-à-d. *I made thee swear*. De même *to swear witnesses, to swear a jury*. Même vers, *saving*, c.-à-d. *on saving*

5. *Search this bosom*, fouille cette poitrine. Un vers plus loin, *take thou the hilts*, c'est-à-dire *take the hilt*.

6. *As it is now*, c'est-à-dire *as you see it now*, quand mon

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

(*Dies.*)

PINDARUS.

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

(*Exit.*)

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

MESSALA.

It is but change[1], Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS.

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA.

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS.

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA.

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS.

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

visage sera couvert, comme il l'est en ce moment. Voici la version de Plutarque : "Casting his cloak "over his head, and holding out "his bare neck unto Pindarus, he "gave him his head to be stricken "off. So the head was found sever-"ed from the body; but after that "time, Pindarus was never seen "more." (Traduction de North.)

1. *But change*, c'est-à-dire *but an exchange: it is but tit for tat*, ce n'est qu'un échange, un prêté pour un rendu.

MESSALA.

Is not that he?

TITINIUS.

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done[1]!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA.

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts[2] of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

TITINIUS.

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA.

Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears[3]: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS.

Hie you, Messala,

1. *Our deeds are done*, c'est-à dire *our task is done.*

2. *The apt thoughts*, c'est-à-dire *the quick fancy*, la prompte, la crédule imagination.

3. *Thrusting this report into his ears* est l'équivalent de *piercing his ears with this report*, je vais frapper son oreille de cette nouvelle.

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

(*Exit* MESSALA.)

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued[1] everything.
But hold thee[2], take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace[3],
And see how I regarded[4] Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

(*Dies.*)

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS.

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA.

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS.

Titinius' face is upward[5].

1. *Misconstrued*, c.-à-d. *misinterpreted*, *misunderstood*, mal interprété; d'où *misconstruction*, fausse interprétation, contre-sens.

2. *Hold thee*, ancienne forme réfléchie pour *hold*, *stay*, *stop*: *but soft*.

3. *Come apace*, c'est-à-dire *come*, *come quick*.

4. *How I regarded*, c'est-à-dire *how I reverenced*, *respected*. C'est la signification de *regard* aujourd'hui. Shakspeare l'emploie souvent aussi dans le sens de regarder, qu'il a perdu.

5. *Is upward*, c'est-à-dire *is turned upward*, *looks upward*. Le visage de Titinius n'est pas celui d'un homme qui gémit sur un mort, il est tourné vers le ciel.

CATO.

He is slain.

BRUTUS.

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad [1], and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails [2].

(*Low Alarums.*)

CATO.

Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not [3] crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS.

Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow [4].—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us [5].—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight [6].

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *Thy spirit walks abroad*, ton esprit erre par le monde.

2. *In our own proper entrails*, pour INTO *our* OWN *entrails*, et tourner nos épées contre nos propres entrailles. *To turn the sword* IN, c'est retourner l'épée dans....

3. *Look*, *whether he have not*, c'est-à-dire *see if he has not*, voyez, n'a-t-il pas couronné.... Comparez acte I, sc. I: "See "WHE'R their basest metals."

4. *Should breed thy fellow*, c.-à-d. *thy peer, thy equal*, que Rome enfante jamais ton égal.

5. *Lest it discomfort us*, c'est-à-dire *dishearten us*.

6. *Second fight*, nous tenterons,

SCENE THE FOURTH.

Another part of the Field.

Alarum. — Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

BRUTUS.

Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads[1]!

CATO.

What bastard doth not[2]? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field :—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

(*Charges the enemy.*)

BRUTUS.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

(*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*)

LUCILIUS.

O young and noble Cato, art thou down[3]?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son[4].

nous éprouverons la fortune dans un second combat. Cette seconde bataille ne fut livrée que trois semaines après la première.

1. *Hold up your heads*, c'est-à-dire *droop not your heads*, relevez vos têtes; résistez.

2. *What bastard doth not*, quel cœur dégénéré le refuserait?

3. *Art thou down*, c.-à-d. *art thou fallen? hast thou fallen?*

4. *Being Cato's son*, c'est-à-dire *though Cato's son.* Ta mort est un titre de gloire, qui ajoute

FIRST SOLDIER.

Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS.

Only I yield to die [1] :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
(*Offering money.*)
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death [2].

FIRST SOLDIER.

We must not.—A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER.

I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY.

Where is he?

LUCILIUS.

Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY.

This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

encore à l'éclat de la naissance : tout fils de Caton que tu es, tu as pu encore t'honorer.

1. *Only I yield to die* pour *I yield only but to die.*

2. *Honour'd in his death*, IN OR BY *his death, win honour by his death.* De même plus loin, paroles de STRATO : " And no man " else hath honour by his death."

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness[1] : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead :
And bring us word, unto[2] Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd[3].

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE FIFTH.

Another part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

BRUTUS.

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS.

Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

BRUTUS.

Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word[4];
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

(*Whispering.*)

1. *Give him all kindness*, c.-à-d. *show him all kindness*, qu'on le traite avec toutes sortes d'égards.

2. *Bring us word unto*, c'est-à-dire *bring us word to*, revenez à la tente d'Octave nous dire. *To send word*, envoyer dire, mander; *to send back word*, renvoyer dire, renvoyer répondre; *to bring back word*, revenir avec la nouvelle, revenir annoncer.

3. *Is chanc'd* pour *has chanced*, *happened*, tout ce qui sera arrivé.

4. *Slaying is the word*, c'est-à-dire *slaying is all the talk*, tué, on n'entend que cela; c'est chose à la mode aujourd'hui.

CLITUS.

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS.

Peace then, no words.

CLITUS.

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS.

Hark thee, Dardanius.—

(*Whispers him.*)

DARDANIUS.

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS.

O, Dardanius!

DARDANIUS.

O, Clitus!

CLITUS.

What ill request[1] did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS.

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS.

Now is that noble vessel[2] full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS.

Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

VOLUMNIUS.

What says my lord?

BRUTUS.

Why, this, Volumnius :

1. *What ill request*, c'est-à-dire *what harsh request*, quelle fâcheuse demande.

2. *Noble vessel*, c'est-à-dire *noble soul*, *noble heart* : maintenant ce noble cœur est plein de douleur, au point qu'il déborde jusque par ses yeux. C'est du langage biblique : *Vessel of election*, *vessel of wrath*.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS.

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit[1]:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old[2], I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts[3], whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS.

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

(*Alarum still.*)

CLITUS.

Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS.

Farewell to you—and you; and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

1. *Beat us to the pit*, c'est-à-dire *to the brink of the pit*, nous ont battus et conduits à la fosse, au bord de l'abîme.

2. *For that our love of old*, c.-à-d. *for that old love of ours*, au nom de cette vieille amitié.

3. *Sword-hilts*, c'est-à-dire *sword-hilt*. Voir plus haut, p. 161; "Here, take thou the HILTS."

I found no man but he was true to me[1].
I shall have glory by this losing day[2]
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history[3]:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within: Fly, fly, fly!

CLITUS.

Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS.

Hence; I will follow.

(*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS)

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect[4];
Thy life hath had some smatch[5] of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO.

Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

1. *True to me*, c'est-à-dire *faithful to me.*

2. *Losing day*, c'est-à-dire *day of loss, defeat*, cette journée désastreuse.

3. *Brutus' tongue.... his life's history*, la langue, la bouche de Brutus a presque terminé l'histoire de sa vie.

4. *Of a good respect*, c'est-à-dire *a lad of good sense*, tu es un homme de sens: tu as du bon sens, de l'intelligence. *Respect*, dans le sens de *reflection*. De même, Hamlet: "There's the "RESPECT, that makes calamity "of so long life."

5. *Smatch*, variante de *smack: this life has had some taste of honour in it*, dans ta vie tu as fait tes preuves comme homme d'honneur.

BRUTUS.

Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still[1]:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
(*He runs on his sword, and dies.*)

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their army.*

OCTAVIUS.

What man is that?

MESSALA.

My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO.

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him[2];
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCILIUS.

So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true[3].

OCTAVIUS.

All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them[4].
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO.

Ay, if Messala will prefer me[5] to you.

1. *Now be still*, c'est-à-dire *cease to walk*, arrête-toi, apaise-toi. Voy. page 165, note 1 : *Thy spirit walks abroad.*

2. *Of him*, c'est-à-dire *of his remains : burn his remains.*

3. *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true*, (je te remercie) d'avoir justifié les paroles de Lucilius, mes paroles. Voy. plus haut : " I dare assure thee that " no enemy shall ever TAKE ALIVE " the noble Brutus."

4. *I will entertain them*, c'est-à-dire *I will entertain, take them into pay, into my service*, je les retiens à ma suite.

5. *Prefer me*, c'est-à-dire

OCTAVIUS.

Do so, Messala.

MESSALA.

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO.

I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA.

Octavius, then take him to follow thee[1],
That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he[2],
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar[3];
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them[4].
His life was gentle[5]; and the elements
So mix'd in him[6] that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

OCTAVIUS.

According to his virtue let us use him,

present me, vent me présenter, Voy. page 87, note 4 : PREFER *his suit to Cæsar*.

1. *Take him to follow thee*, c'est-à-dire *as thy follower him....* prends à ta suite celui qui....

2. *Save only he*, c'est-à-dire *save* HIM *alone*.

3. *Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar*, c'est-à-dire *did* WHAT *they did from malice* TO *Cæsar*, ne firent ce qu'ils ont fait que par haine contre le grand César.

4. *He only, in a general honest thought, and common good to all, made one of them*, c'est-à-dire *he only made himself one of them in honest thought, and for the general and common good of all*, lui seul ne se joignit à eux qu'avec de loyales intentions, et la pensée du bien public.

5. *His life was gentle*, c'est-à-dire *exempt from passion*, sa vie fut calme.

6. *The elements so mixed in him*, c'est-à-dire *so tempered in him*, les élément de son être étaient si heureusement combinés.

With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones[1] to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest[2]: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

(*Exeunt.*)

1. *His bones*, c'est-à-dire *his limbs*, *his remains*. Un vers plus loin : *Most like a soldier*, c'est-à-dire *as most beseems a* SOLDIER'S, comme il convient à ceux d'un soldat. Même vers, *ordered honourably*, pour *honourably treated*. Ces sentiments ne furent jamais ceux d'Octave, mais le poëte les lui prête pour pouvoir rendre, par une bouche ennemie, comme un second et dernier hommage au caractère de Brutus. Antoine seul, on le sait, fit donner la sépulture aux restes de Brutus. Mais le bûcher ne reçut qu'un cadavre mutilé ; la tête, enlevée par les ordres d'Octave, fut portée à Rome et jetée aux pieds de la statue de César.

2. *Call the field to rest*, pour *call*, *summon the* ARMY *to rest*, *to repose*. Au dernier vers, *part*, c'est-à-dire *share*.

FIN.

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